

POEMS
AND
LETTERS
ON

Several Subjects :

VIZ,

- I. POEMS on Several Occasions.
- II. Familiar LETTERS, to several Gentlemen and Ladies.
- III. LETTERS to the Authors of the *Spectator*, *Free-Thinker*, *Censor*, *Journal*, &c.
- IV. Their Answers, and Remarks.

By Mr. HETWOOD.

— quondam pulcherrima Virgo,
Multorumq; fuit spes invidiosa procorum.

Ovid Met.

— — Trabit sua quemq; voluptas.

Virg.

L O N D O N :

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Contains "To Mr. Gay on his
poem entitled, Trivia. . .", pp. 17-18

2 MEMO

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T O

Mrs. _____

M A D A M,



N Compliance to your repeated Request, these following Poems appear in Publick. Your dear Sister (when living) gave Birth to most of these Verses. Some of those upon other Subjects, were writ about ten Years ago ; and the rest when I was engag'd in a Crowd of Business. The Un-ripeness of my Age, and the Tumult of Affairs I am constantly involv'd in, will, I hope, in some Measure, apologize for any incorrect

The Dedication.

rect Lines which the Readers meet with. Mr. Cowley says, *It is as easy to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses amongst Noise and Tumult.*

I would now attempt to delineate *Lucinda's* Character, but I am too sensible it will open to you a fresh Scene of Sorrow; let us rejoice in this, that she is become an Inhabitant of those bright and glorious Mansions, which are the sure Rewards of that exemplary Virtue and Piety, she was so peculiarly distinguish'd for.

May an uninterrupted Series of Happiness attend you, is the hearty Wish of,

Madam,

Your most sincerely,

devoted Servant,

James Heywood



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P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions.



To LUCINDA, *seeing her*
wear a very gay becoming Hood.

—— Gratissima *fœmina cultu,*
O quantum vestro indulget Natura decori! Ovid.



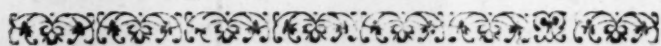
LUCINDA's matchless Form and Air,
So charming never did appear,
So pleasing unto *Strephon's* Sight,
So wond'rous fair, amazing bright,
As when your pretty Hood did grace,
And shade each Feature of your Face:

A

Whene'er

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whene'er on you my Eyes did dart,
A sudden Transport seiz'd my Heart;
I felt such secret Springs of Joy,
As fill'd my Mind with Extasie;
I was as eager for a Kifs,
As two young Lovers are of Blifs:
The more I look, the more I find
You are the Object of my Mind:
And, sure, there's nothing more can prove
A greater Index of my Love.
More killing Airs pray cease to add,
For one more Charm wou'd make me mad.



To a Friend over a Glas.

WHilst you, my Friend, *Miranda's* Charms do
boast,
My dear *Lucinda* is my darling Toast,
Each circling Glas, let us repeat with Joy
These fav'rite Healths, and drink with Extasie.
Such Nymphs will make the Glas more sparkling
(shine,
And give a richer Flavour to the Wine.



ON THE
D E A T H

Of the Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Semper bonos, nomenq; tuum, laudesq; manebunt.
Virg.

Quod mortale fuit, rapuit mors, fama virescit.
Mart.

Farewel, thou darling Fav'rite of the Stage,
Farewel, thou greatest Genius of the Age;
Permit my Muse, among the rest, to mourn,
And shed a Tear upon thy peaceful Urn.

Such was his Genius, such his sterling Wit,
Such soft, such charming tuneful Words he writ,
A 2 And

4 POEMS on several Occasions.

And in each Line such Beauty does impart,
He charms the Ear, and captivates the Heart.
Not *Young's*, not *Pope's*, nor *Congreve's* Pen can tell,
How much our *English Maro* did excell:
They may in nervous Lines thy Praise rehearse,
In sublime Numbers, and harmonious Verse:
But which of our great *British* Bards can show,
Or paint this Loss, this dismal Scene of Woe?
Whene'er he writ, how was his Pen inspir'd
With flowing Fancy, and with Rapture fir'd;
That in these cynic and censorious Days,
The most ill-natur'd *Momus* gave him Praise.

In strong and tow'ring Thoughts he did display,
The martial Acts of *BLLENHEIM's* wond'rous Day.
Whene'er his *CATO* on the Stage appears,
Each tender Heart will drop some grateful Tears:
When *Booth* his soft majestick Voice does raise,
Loud Peals of Thunder-claps proclaim thy Praise.

O *ADDISON*! I could as soon rehearse,
And paint thy Virtues, as to praise thy Verse;
Not only Wonders in thy Lines we find,
But shining Virtues beautify'd thy Mind;
Goodness without Alloy thy Soul possess'd,
And Godlike Acts thy happy Temper blest'd.

How

POEMS on *several Occasions.* 5

How many rich, and nobly born, do die,
Which in the gloomy Shades forgotten lie,
That leave no Traces of their Names behind,
Vanish like Clouds before a Northern Wind.
Tho' in his native Dust, he cannot die,
But live Immortal by his Poetry.
His matchless Virtues will record his Name,
And After-Ages will extol his Fame.





In Answer to some Verses which LUCINDA and MIRA (when in Bed together) made on STREPHON.

Ut meminisse juvat — Ovid.

TWO Nymphs one Night forbore to close
 Their Eyes in gentle Sleep, and soft Repose.
 Their Thoughts in tuneful Numbers to express,
 In manly Stile, in more than Woman's Dress:
 Such soft, such happy Lines they did indite,
 As *Congreve* would applaud, and *Prior* write.
 O! did their Pens and tender Thoughts conspire,
 What joyful Raptures would my Fancy fire!
 Had *Strephon* then in *Mira's* Place but been,
 And *Hymen's* nuptial Rites pronounc'd between
Lucinda and myself, in this I'm right,
 She had not slept, nor made one Verse that Night.



Martial,



Martial, *Lib. 10, Epig. 47.*
Imitated.

When at MANCHESTER School.

Vitam quæ faciunt Beatiorẽ, &c.

MY Friend, dost thou desire to know
What Things the greatest Bliss bestow ;
Wealth by painful Toil not gain'd,
But by Inheritance obtain'd :
Fruitful Fields, a House that's warm,
From Discord free, serenely calm :
No sickning Pains disturb the Mind,
But Health in blooming Vigour find :
An honest Plainness, frank and true,
And a delightful Friend or two :
Of no luxuriant Dishes taste,
Which both thy Health and Substance waste :
Sober each Night, and free from Care,
Thy Bed no anxious Sorrow share.
In true Contentment, Days thus past,
Thou'lt neither fear, nor wish the Last.

T O



T O
L U C I N D A,
Visiting him in his Sickness.

*Sic ego mente jacens, Et acerbo saucius ictu,
Admonitu cæpi fortior esse tuo.*

— *Sic ad tua verba revixi,
Ut solet infuso Vena redire mero.*

Ovid.

SO much I languish'd, and so fast,
So almost thought each Hour my last,
That, till divine *Lucinda* came,
Life burn'd but with a glimm'ring Flame;
But raging Sickness, strong Decay,
On her Approach, at once gave Way.
So *Phæbus*, with his Rays of Light,
Dispels the Vapours of the Night.

As Nature sickens, when a Dearth
Locks the parch'd Bosom of the Earth;

But

POEMS on *several Occasions.* 9

But when refresh'd with kindly Show'rs,
We see gay Groves, and smiling Flow'rs:
So at *Lucinda's* Sight, half dead
Before, I raise my drooping Head;
The Springs of Life are wound again,
And a new Vigour swells each Vein.

Had you not kindly come to save
Your dying *Strephon* from the Grave,
Fruitless had been the Strife of Art
To heal my Limbs, or ease my Heart.
Not *Mead* himself Relief cou'd give,
Your Presence only makes me live.

O lovely Maid! be kinder yet,
And make the Cure begun, compleat;
Know, that there's something still behind,
To cure the Fever of my Mind:
To thy dear Arms I wish to fly,
There quite revive, or gladly die.



On



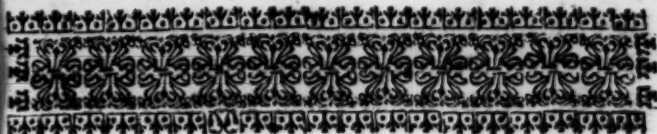
On seeing LUCINDA Blush.

— *Non labra rosa, non colla pruinæ,
Non crines æquant viola, non lumina flammæ.*

THE crimson Blushes in your Cheeks express'd
What tender Thoughts inspir'd your snowy
(Breast;
Your Fan with artful Hand was much employ'd,
The rising Beauties of your Face to hide:
But when with dext'rous Skill you tofs'd your Fan,
You cool'd the happy Nymph, but fir'd the Man.
Ten thousand Graces play'd about your Face;
Peculiar Charms attended every Grace;
Each Grace, each lovely Feature, did impart
A secret Pleasure to my throbbing Heart.
Besides these beauteous Charms, in you there's join'd
Unrivall'd Goodness, and a heav'nly Mind.

If I but gain *Lucinda* for my Bride,
The World all other Blessings may divide;
If I'm but with my beauteous Charmer blest,
I'll leave Mankind to scuffle for the rest.

To



*To a Friend, inviting him
into the Country.*

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis— Hor.

*— Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.*

Virg.

FROM busy Crowds to Shades with Joy retire,
And pleasing Walks, and Labyrinths admire:
Each Morning here appears so bright, so gay,
As if the Morning of a Nuptial Day.
Here Beauty does in shining Landscips rise,
And Larks with tow'ring Wings ascend the Skies.
When *Philomel* tunes her melodious Throat,
Each feather'd Warbler sings a chearful Note.
Oh! what Delight does this soft Season bring,
When tuneful Linnets welcome in the Spring.

When I look up, with ravish'd Eyes survey
The rising Mountains, and all Nature gay;

Or

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

Or when with Transport I look down below,
There purling Streams in Silver Currents flow :
Here smiling Fields, and flow'ry Banks delight ;
There starry Daizies grow, and charm the Sight :
Here fragrant Blossoms, Palm, and shady Bow'rs,
There spreading Laurel, and full blooming Flow'rs :
Here Myrtle in its infant Sweetness grows ;
There shady Trees are rang'd in beauteous Rows :
Scene after Scene does charm my wond'ring Eyes,
Where-e'er I look, I see new Prospects rise.
Thus lost in Extasie, with Wonder gaze,
And Nature's pencil'd Works my Soul amaze.
No gloomy Thoughts disturb my peaceful Mind,
But unknown Blifs, and solid Joy I find.
Thus in these happy Scenes my Time I spend,
And nothing want but Thee, dear Tom my Friend.

To these blest'd Shades, and heav'nly Scenes retire,
Whose flow'ry Verdure does new Life inspire.
How bleating Lambs wou'd skip, and Groves rejoice,
And Grotto's eccho to thy charming Voice !
Leave the dull Town, and banish *South-Sea* Care,
Come live with me, and breath in purer Air.



Spoken



Spoken Extempore, on meeting a beautiful young Lady in the Iron Gallery at the Top of St. Paul's Church.

THIS fam'd Metropolis I came to view,
 But find no Prospect yields Delight but you.
 To me these tow'ring Structures seem less fair,
 And lose their Beauty by your killing Air,
 O lovely Nymph! permit me but a Kiss,
 And grant me, so near Heav'n, to taste of Bliss.



B

LUCINDA



LUCINDA *admir'd for the
Beauty of her Mind, as well as
her personal Charms.*

*Probitas, fidēsque conjugis. mores, pudor placeant
marito; sola, perpetuò manent subiecta nulli,
mentis atque animi bona; florem decoris sin-
guli carpunt dies.* Seneca.

I Prize my dear *Lucinda*, much before
Those Nymphs which others value and adore:
Miranda has good Humour, but wants Sense,
Her Entertainment is Impertinence.
Chloe and *Phillis* are both young and gay;
But they with Shocks and Parrots spend the Day.
Belinda sings so melting, soft, and clear,
Wou'd charm an Angel from his heav'nly Sphere;
The tuneful Musick of her Voice to hear;
At the Tea-Table does her Sex reproach,
And flagrant Scandal takes delight to broach.

I own,

POEMS on several Occasions. 15

I own, *Dorinda's* fair, (divinely fair!)
And that *Clarissa* has a killing Air:
But *Dorinda's* Pride, mix'd with Ill-nature,
Sullies the Lustre of each graceful Feature:
It's too well known, *Clarissa* has a Mind
To Plays, Picket, and Ombre much inclin'd.

Survey the Circle of the Nymphs around,
With Faults they all, in some Degree, abound;
There's only dear *Lucinda* to be found,
With sublime Virtues, all Perfections crown'd.





On LUCINDA's Singing.

LUCINDA's warbling Voice to hear,
 I listen'd with attentive Ear :
 The Musick of your tuneful Tongue,
 Your soft, melodious, melting Song,
 Does *Strephon*'s gentle Thoughts inspire
 With pleasing Joys, and Raptures fire.
 Each swelling Note his Bosom warms,
 And fills his Soul with heav'nly Charms.
 In such extatick Bliss, and Love,
 We guess at Harmony above.
 In Transports thus Life does decay,
 Your *Strephon* faints, and dies away.





To Mr. GAY,

On his POEM, entitled,

TRIVIA, or, The Art of
Walking the Streets of London.

Quos titulos, quæ non meruit præconia laudum?
Mart.

O GAY! my grateful Thoughts do crowd my
(Mind,

To tell you what harmonious Lines I find
In this thy TRIVIA; such Beauties shine,
I'm pleas'd to see a Wonder in each Line:
So much thy tow'ring Thoughts my Fancy fire,
The more I read, the more I still admire.

What Critick, with his stabbing Pen, can stain
Thy tuneful Verses, or eclipse thy Fame?

18 POEMS on several Occasions.

The very *Momus* which insults thy Name,
 Envies thy Genius, tho' thy Verses blame.
 Thy useful Hints direct the rural 'Squire,
 His Steps from wand'ring Females to retire.
 To hoary Heads thou'rt an indulgent Friend,
 And those which under heavy Burthens bend.
 When jostling busy Crowds walk in the Street,
 And helpless Objects, Blind and Lame, we meet,
 Thou dost instruct us what Respect to pay,
 To give the Wall, and when to take the Way.
 These Men with thankful Voice will give thee
 Praise,
 Pray for thy Health, and wish thee prosp'rous Days.

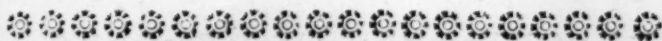
Whether by *Phæbus's* Meridian Light,
 Or in the gloomy Horror of the Night,
 I walk, in winding Alleys, Streets unknown,
 And lose my Way in this great Hive, the Town,
 By thy Directions, I shall fear no Ill,
 No panick Terror shall my Bosom fill :
 Whilst I walk Streets, thy Precepts I'll imbibe,
TRIVIA shall be my Convoy, and my Guide.

To



*To a young Lady admiring
a Butterfly.*

BEhold that Fly, his wond'rous Form display,
The painted Beauty of his Wings survey:
Dorinda's Hoop in slender Waste confin'd,
Are like these beauteous Wings and Body join'd.
So do your circling Charms adorn the Fair,
And give a pleasing Lustre to your Air.



*On a ROSE that drop'd out of a
Nesegay which LUCINDA had in
her Bosom.*

THIS Rose, *Lucinda*, once did rest
On your soft, downy, rising Breast;
Did dwell upon those Mounts of Snow,
Where rich *Hyblæan* Sweets do grow.
Was I so happily but plac'd,
Where this Flower so lately grac'd;
With long-liv'd Pleasure there I'd stay,
And not thus droop, and fade away.

On



On the Death of Mr. Molineux, Mathematician in Manchester.

Written in the Year 1712.

*Narrabat pueros longis rationibus assem.
—centum diducere partibus* Hor.

IF refin'd Knowledge, or bright Parts cou'd save
The greatest Genius from the silent Grave;
Had such receiv'd a Patent to abide
Secure from Change, *Molineux* ne'er had dy'd;
To Fate he had not then resign'd his Breath,
But triumph'd o'er the icy Arms of Death.

Accompts in all its Branches taught so well,
That with superior Skill he did excel:
He would, in that sublime, mysterious Art,
Reduce a Sum to the minutest Part.
The most abstruse Accompts he'd Ballance right,
By his skill'd Pen, and penetrating Sight.

From

POEMS on several Occasions. 21

From Trade the Source of Wealth and Plenty flow,
On artful Numbers therefore Praise bestow :
By which great Science, may be justly said,
Our stately *London* rears its tow'ring Head.

* This trading Town the greatest Loss sustains ;
No skilful Master of Accompts remains ;
The best Arithmetician being dead,
Th' expiring Science hangs its drooping Head.

* *Manchester.*



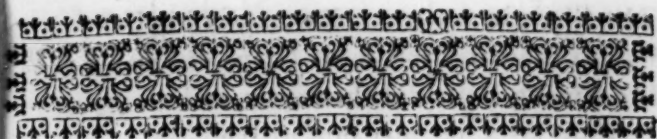
On



*On seeing LUCINDA one
Morning very early.*

—— *Tbalamoq; relictus in uno.* Ovid.

NO sooner saw th' approaching Day,
But to my Dear I wing'd my Way,
To see my Life! my Soul! my All!
That I can good, or charming call.
I ne'er petition'd Friends Consent,
But softly to her Chamber went:
The Nymph was just stepp'd out of Bed,
In Morning-Gown, and undress'd Head.
Good Gods! how much did her Attire
My glowing Breast with Rapture fire:
What Pleasure was there in a Kiss,
What solid Joy, what unknown Bliss:
For when I saw but such a Scene,
I found a Pulse in ev'ry Vein.
How bless'd was I, ye Gods but see,
Great Jove himself does envy me.



On seeing the

F U N E R A L

O F

Matthew Prior, Esq;

I N

Westminster-Abbey.

————— nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.

Hor.

TO see this solemn Scene, this Pomp of Woe,
In mournful Order and Procession go,
Crowds fill this awful Dome, this gloomy Place,
And pensive Sorrow sits on ev'ry Face.
Shadwell, and laurell'd *Dryden*, seem'd to smile,
To see great *Prior* bury'd in their Isle;

Greatly

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Greatly rejoic'd each venerable Bust,
To see him mingled with Poetick Dust.
The Choir in Anthems chanted o'er his Urn;
But all Spectators round his Grave did mourn:
My flowing Tears did then their Tribute pay,
To think he'd moulder into native Clay.
O sacred Clay! thy Works will e'er be read,
And *Prior's* Name will live, tho' *Prior's* dead.



Advice

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ADVICE to a bashful LOVER.

*Degeneres animos timor arguit
Audentes fortuna juvat,* Virg.

THOU tells me, *Tom*, that *Chloe's* coy,
And thy Addressee still does fly;
Wouldst thou be blest in *Chloe's* Arms,
And reign sole Monarch of her Charms,
Banish all Sighs, and throbbing Fears,
Prostrate thyself no more in Tears;
Vain are the Efforts of such Love;
Nor will they e're successful prove.
To any reigning favourite Toast,
Excess of Modesty ne'er boast.
The Way to win the lovely Fair,
Is to assume a manly Air:
Thy Love in gen'rous Frankness tell;
On *Chloe's* Lips do closely dwell.
Courage, dear *Tom*, and thou wilt find,
As thou grows daring, she'll grow kind.

C

Thoughts



Thoughts on DEATH and ETERNITY.

————— *breve & irreparabile tempus*
Omnibus est vita ————— Virg.

Vita hominis peregrinatio Plato.

HOW short's the Journey from our Mother's
(Womb?
A walking Shadow to the silent Tomb,
A Dream, a Phantom, and a narrow Span,
Are the short Bounds of Life to mortal Man;
Swift as the Winds, and the revolving Sun,
The Wheels of Life with rapid Motion run.
After so short a Journey, since we go
To endless Transport, or eternal Woe,
Let not the dazzling Scenes of Pomp entice
Thy Soul to tread the Precipice of Vice.

How

POEMS on several Occasions. 27

How many Youths in their Meridian Bloom,
And Pride of Years, receive their fatal Doom?
Like smiling Flow'rs, at Noon their Charms display,
Cut down by Ev'ning Scythe, and fade away.
Soon as our starry Eyes have lost their Sight,
Then are they sear'd from everlasting Light;
For when our weary Springs of Life decay,
Th' immortal Spirit wings its Course away.

What secret Dread does here the Sinner find?
What anxious Thoughts do rack his gloomy Mind?
What Scenes of Woe his heavy Soul surprize?
What Floods of Tears flow from his streaming
(Eyes?

But when the virtuous Soul resigns his Breath,
No restless Horror at approaching Death
He ever feels; and only looks on Fate,
A gentle wafting to a future State.
His Thoughts are always calm, serenely blest,
He feeds no warring Vices in his Breast;
But leaves this World, with all its fleeting Toys,
To grasp at Heav'n, and its immortal Joys.
Such wondrous Blifs, no raptur'd Soul can tell,
Does in those bright, and heav'nly Mansions
(dwell.

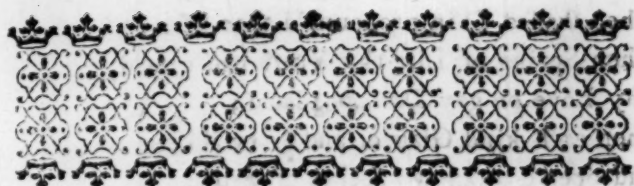
28 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

Oh! may some nobler Thoughts my Soul employ
Than transient Bliss, and vain delusive Joy:
To blest Abodes then shall I wing my Way,
To Tracts of Light, and everlasting Day.
In Heav'n, with warbling Cherubims shall reign,
Seraphick Love, and endless Joys obtain.



To

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*To a very old Batchelor,
intending to marry a very young
Maid.*

Si qua voles aptè nubere, nube pari. Ovid.

THOU aged Lump of lifeless Clay,
Whose Face is furrow'd with Decay,
Would'st thou a nuptial Life begin,
When *Clotho* thy last Thread does spin;
This feeble Remnant of thy Life,
Marry a young and am'rous Wife;
When all thy active Days are past,
Thy Hour-Glass running to its last:
Thus to set out at Eve of Night,
When Life scarce gives a glim'ring Light;
When Lees of Life the Taste destroy,
And pall the most endearing Joy.
Thy feint Addresses will but prove
Mere Dotage, not Excess of Love.

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

Had'st thou in blooming Youth began,
When shaded Chin pronounc'd thee Man;
When Spring of Life thy Years had grac'd,
Thy Love on gay *Dorinda* plac'd;
Then each kind Glance, and ev'ry Kiss,
Had open'd unknown Scenes of Bliss;
But *Hymen's* Rites can never long
Old Age unite to one so young:
With such a Virgin should'st thou wed,
Araons Horns will crown thy Head,



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THE PREFACE.

BY the Importunity of some Friends, I have publish'd the following Letters. Those familiar Letters were writ to my quondam School-fellows, &c. and appear in the genuine and native Dress they were sent in, about ten Years ago. The other Letters I sent to several Authors, that have entertained the Town with their Speculations; and since they have met with a favourable Approbation from such ingenious Gentlemen as Sir Richard Steel, and Mr. Philips, it gives me the greater Hopes they will meet

32 The P R E F A C E.

meet with a kind Reception from every candid Reader. Several of those Letters I writ in a female Character, some of them I sign'd with the initial Letters of my Name, and others under fictitious Characters; by which Means, I have personated a Maid, a Wife, a Batchelor, a marry'd Man, a School-Boy, a Bankrupt, &c. Thus, Proteus like, I have appear'd under various Characters; all which I writ at Intervals, when I was disengag'd from Business, purely for my Diversion; for I never suffer any Amusements of this Nature to get the Ascendant of Business.



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London, Jan. 1, 1711.

Dear Sir,

NO sooner had the Post-Man deliver'd me your Letter Yesterday, but (according to my usual Method) I examin'd the Supercription, and observ'd it was beautifully writ in a Female Character: I was transported with Joy, hoping it came from my fair, my beloved *Lucinda*. Not being capable any longer of pleasing myself with this imaginary Scene of Happiness,

*With eager Haste my ardent Lips did lay,
And with a Kiss dissolv'd the Seal away.*

My Expectations I found were frustrated; yet I could not forbear smiling how artfully you had gilded the Bait; but notwithstanding my Hopes were thus defeated, it was very welcome, and entertaining. So much for the superficial Part of your Letter.

Of

34 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Of all Mankind I think you have the least Occasion to complain, that you have so little Time to maintain an Epistolary Conversation; it is an Apology that I have an undoubted Right to, my Business scarce permitting me to look into any Books but those of Debtor and Creditor; and do assure you, that were it not for this weighty Consideration of dissolving our happily connected Friendship, I should be easily persuaded, and very readily prevail'd on, to lay a Constraint upon my Pen; for at this Fountain Head, this perpetual Spring of Business, we are so involv'd in a Hurry of Affairs, that I am often surpriz'd, to think how I have Time to supply the Lamp of Friendship, so much as to make it give a feint and glimmering Light; for when I have stole from Business, and am fully resolv'd to write to a Friend, before I have finish'd an entire Paragraph, some unexpected Business interrupts me, nay, very often before I have dated my Letter.

Since you left this City, *Tempora mutantur*. You shall scarce go into a publick House, where Men of the lowest Life rendezvous, but you shall hear them, over the smoaking of one Pipe, lay Schemes for taking several fortify'd Towns, before ever the Duke of Marlborough has consulted

LETTERS on various Subjects. 35

sulted to lay Siege to any one of them; but what is still more remarkable, the Ladies now-a-Days are vers'd in Politicks, whereas, not many Years since, the principal Themes of their Discourses were about *Dorinda's* gay Suit, *Chloe's* pretty Fan, *Clarissa's* genteel Scarf, &c. but now they are vers'd in State Topicks; and I have known them call for the Maps, and search for *Aire* and *Madrid*.

Last Week *Jack Ramble* came to Town purely to see this City: He staid but two Days; so that he will be as capable of giving a Description of this City, as a Man that rides Post of the Country he travels through.

I am sorry to hear the Chain of Friendship is unlink'd betwixt you and *Philobiblos*. You were two such inseparable Companions at *Manchester* School, and since that your Friendship has been so firmly rivetted, that I thought neither Time nor Distance could cause a Rupture in your Affections.

I wish you a happy new Year, and

Da spatium vitæ, multos, da Jupiter, annos.

I am, S I R,

Your real Friend,

and faithful Servant.]



London, Jan. 1, 17¹¹.

MADAM,

THIS being a Day which is generally devoted to Pleasure, the Mind being unbended from Cares, and discharg'd from a Crowd of Affairs, it being a common Maxim, let's begin the new Year merrily, I do not know how I can begin it better, and employ some Part of this Day with more Satisfaction, than by exercising my Pen in paying my Respects to you; therefore I have stole from my Friends, and divorc'd myself from their Ccompany, purely to be so happily engag'd.

You have no Reason to make any Apology for your Letters, either for Style or Spelling; for those very Apologies are embellish'd with so many beautiful Epithets, and such a Sublimity of Thought reigns in your Expressions, that they are palpable Demonstrations of your happy Talent in Writing; and that you are entirely free from that Spelling, which many of your Sex are guilty of; and such a Value

LETTERS on various Subjects. 37

I have for your Letters, that a repeated Perusal of them is still more pleasant to me; and do not (as you are pleas'd to say) lay them in some By-Corner, or unfrequented Place; but I lay them up with as much Care as a Miser does his hoarded Treasure; for such an intrinsick Value do I put on your Letters, that, like Filings of Gold, they are too precious and valuable to be lost. You inform me, your Sister is going to pronounce those irrevocable Words, *Till Death us do part*. Since Marriage is a State that enlarges either a Scene of Happiness, or Misery, may she obtain the full Possession of the former, but may she for ever be a Stranger to the latter; may nothing ruffle or discompose that Serenity of Mind, Nature has so abundantly endu'd her with. I wish her a good Husband, and that an uninterrupted Harmony and Chearfulness may attend them. I could now make a long Harangue, how Patches are plac'd, so as to give the most killing Air, and conceal a Blemish; how Petticoats are fenc'd with Whalebone, and fortify'd with Hoops; how many Flounces are the Pink of the Mode; how a Fan is flutter'd to Advantage. Such like Topicks as these would afford many Speculations to entertain some of the fair Sex; but they are too light and trivial for those of a

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more

38 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

more refin'd Taste, and nobler Endowments: For, as an ingenious Author says, tho' the Toilet is the great Scene of Business; and the right adjusting their Hair, and adorning the superficial Part, is the principal Employment of their Lives; and that the Sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is look'd upon as a good Morning's Work: Though some of the fair Sex are thus employ'd, yet there are others, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, and that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, amongst which, you, Madam, are a signal Instance, having added to the unstudy'd Graces of your Behaviour, and the natural Charms and Endowments of your Person, a Mind adorn'd with Beauties of a more exalted and durable Nature, the embellishing Ornaments of shining and substantial Virtues. For it is the unalterable Beauty of the Mind, and the Lustre of amiable Qualities, that give us solid Happiness. I have only Room to wish you a happy new Year, and many succeeding ones.

I am, Madam,

Your devoted humble Servant.



London, Jan. 8, 17⁴⁷.

S I R,

THE Thoughts that I have of late entertain'd of seeing you in this City, your last Letter has entirely remov'd. I must confess, a literal Correspondence affords me no small Satisfaction; but a personal Conversation would very much have contributed to my Happiness. The Reason you assign for your not coming is so important, that I bear your Absence with more Pleasure; for I think it highly reasonable, that your Father's Resentment should be more regarded, than either your own natural Inclination be gratify'd, or the longing Expectations of your Friends be comply'd with; all other Excuses, I am apt to think, I should have look'd upon trifling and insufficient; but the Fear of incurring your Father's Displeasure, carries with it a commanding Silence, and

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40 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

gives me an undeniable Specimen, how studious you are of being a dutiful Son.

I am conscious there is nothing of so intrinsic a Value in my Letters, as to merit your good Opinion of them, but impute it to your Respect and Friendship, that enhances their Esteem, and makes you give them so kind a Reception, and so favourable an Entertainment; which reminds me of *Daphnis's* saying to *Damatas*,

τὰ μὴ καλά, καλὰ πέφασται.

This Week we lost the most beautiful young Lady in our Neighbourhood; the News of her sudden Death surpriz'd me; but when I saw her carry'd to her long Home, I was mov'd with an uncommon Concern,

Natura imperio gemimus cum funus adultæ Virginis occurrit, ———

Nothing could shock Nature more, than to see a Virgin, six Days before her Death, in the Bloom of her Days, and in a perfect State of Health, with a Presence irresistibly charming; and in so short a Time see her cover'd in a Span of Earth, and mingled with the Dust from whence she sprung; the solemn Prospect of such a Spectacle

LETTERS on various Subjects. 41

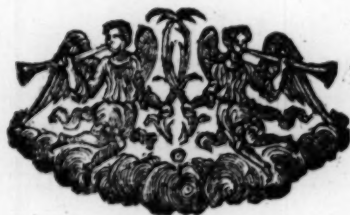
Spectacle of Mortality, is the most convincing Argument of the fleeting Vanity of this transitory State of Life.

I have perus'd the Letter of your young Brother, you was so kind as to enclose me in yours, with great Satisfaction; he gives you great Hopes of improving those Talents, which kind Nature, and a liberal Education, have furnish'd him with. I am glad to find he is plac'd in so happy a Station of Life; Providence has exempted him from a servile Employment, not confin'd him behind a Compter; but he has an Opportunity of conversing with Men, and Books. My humble Service to all Friends at *Brazen-Nose*.

I am,

Your sincerely affectionate Friend,

and very humble Servant.



D 3

S I R,



London, Jan. 19, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.

S I R,

HAVING the Prospect of a few vacant Minutes before me, I thought I could not better employ them, than by laying your last before me.

What Reasons you have for branding the Ladies with Reservedness, I am incapable of judging, for you assign no Reason for it. If you visit the Ladies of your Acquaintance, with no other View than their agreeable Conversation, I dare say you have an easy Access, and all the Returns of Civility and Good-Manners offer'd you; but if you visit a Lady, with an Intention of making your Addresses to her, you ought to esteem it a peculiar Favour to be admitted the Happiness of her Company, and not expect that she must fly into your Arms; but, on the contrary, you must surmount innumerable Difficulties, before you can bring the Object of your Affections to a Capitulation; for as Ovid says,

Militia Species amor est.

And

And the same Author tells us,

*Nox & hyems, longæq; viæ, sæviq; dolores
Mollibus his castris, & labor omnis inest.*

I am sorry to acquaint you, that *Euphrenius's* Father dy'd last Week: Had he liv'd a little longer, *Euphrenius* had certainly had a very considerable Post in the Government; but notwithstanding this great Loss, the Serenity of Mind, and Chearfulness of Temper, he is so happily distinguish'd for, enables him to bear up chearfully against the Misfortunes that are common to human Nature. His Temper, whether engag'd in a Scene of Business, or in Solitude, is serene and unruffled; and he is blest with such an excellent Frame of Mind, that he thankfully receives the Blessings of Heaven, and I never once heard him murmur or repine at any Incidents of human Life.

Philomusus tells me, he finds the Law a very intricate Study: I told him I was of Opinion, a Man was not Master of it without an assiduous Application; but I advis'd him to prosecute it close, and to consider it was an honourable Study; and that the Profits which would attend it, after he was call'd to the Bar, I hoped would be a Means of rendering the Study
of

44 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

of the Law pleasant and delightful to him: But you know, when *Philomusus* was at School he had a Poetical Genius, and he still has a very delicate Taste that Way; and as he is a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and finds the Law unpalatable, I am of Opinion, that he will be like our famous *Congreve*, whose first Applications (as the Author of the Lives of the Dramatick Poets tells us) was to the Law; but that he had too fine a Turn of Wit, to be long pleas'd with that crabbed Study, in which the laborious dull plodding Fellow generally excels the more sprightly Wit; and as his natural Inclinations lead him to Poetry, it is great Odds but it will divert him from the Bar.

I am of Opinion, there is a great deal more agreeable Entertainment and Pleasure intermix'd in the Pursuit of some other Studies. To survey the Motions of the Orbs, the wonderful Order of Providence, to review the Recesses of Nature, are noble and delightful Studies; to be enquiring after the Causes and Effects of what *Ovid*, at the latter End of his *Metamorphosis*, so beautifully describes,

magni

— — — — — *magni primordia mundi,
Et rerum causas, & quid natura, docebat ;
Quid Deus, unde nives, quæ fulminis esset origo :
Jupiter an venti, discussâ nube tonarent :
Quid quateret terras ; quâ sidera lege mearent ;
Et quodcumq; latet.*

The least Glimpse in such Philosophical Studies, fills the Mind with a thousand extatick Motions of Joy. It is high Time I relieve you, by subscribing myself.

Your very humble Servant.



S I R,



London, Feb. 9, 17⁴¹.

S I R,

THIS Moment I receiv'd your florid Epistle, and, pursuant to your Request, send you an Answer by this Post. You tell me *Will's* Mistress has discarded him, and you can assign no Reason, unless his excessive Modesty has been his Obstacle. I have more than once made an Observation, that nothing recommends a Man more to the Female Sex than Valour; Wisdom and Courage are as essential Qualities to Mankind, as Modesty and Virtue are bright Ornaments to the Fair Sex. It is very obvious, that the Society of military Men strangely allure the Fair Sex: A Sash, a Feather, and a red Coat, are, in themselves, very prevailing Arguments; an unconstrain'd Carriage, and a Frankness of Behaviour, are the Perfections of good Breeding. I know a very ingenious young Gentleman, of great Sense and Modesty, that addresses himself to a young Lady; there is a bold fluttering foppish Fellow his Rival; the Lady is mostly enamour'd

enamour'd with this shallow superficial Fop. It is undeniably true, that a Man which makes his Addresses to a Lady, that has a frank and easy Way of recommending himself, that attacks the Object of his Affections with a civiliz'd Boldness, shall sooner introduce himself into her Favour, than a bashful Person, tho' he may have a larger Share of Sense, and a more ample Fortune than his Competitor. *Waller* says,

Women sloop to the Forward and the Bold.

I have often, with Concern, reflected on this unaccountable fantastical Disposition of some Ladies being captivated and enamour'd with every Thing that has a splendid Appearance, and shadowy Outside; that will relish the Conversation of a fluttering Fop, and admire the Outside and Drapery of such a Man, more than a modest Gentleman of commendable Qualities, and the most refin'd Sense; that will overlook the most shining and substantial Virtues in the one, and vainly admire and doat on the trivial and flashy Vanities of the other. Since a sheepish Modesty, and an unmanly Bashfulness, are so criminal, I hope they will never be a Bar to your Interest. I shall conclude this with *Sir Roger L'Esrange's* Reflections on a Fable

48 LETTERS on various Subjects.

of *Æsop's*, he tells us, " A Man may be
 " shamefac'd, and a Woman modest, to the
 " Degree of scandalous: And that he knew
 " a Lady, which had one of the most bash-
 " ful scrupulous Persons to her Daughter
 " that ever was born. Well, said the
 " Lady, I am mightily afraid this Girl of
 " mine will prove a Whore; for she is so
 " infinitely modest, that, in my Consci-
 " ence, if any Man should ask her the
 " Question, she would not have the Face
 " to deny him.

I have enclos'd two Letters, which I
 commit to your Care, and desire you to
 deliver them as directed; with the one a
 hearty Kiss, and the other my humble
 Service, and you will highly oblige,

S I R,

Your most assur'd Friend,

and humble Servant,

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London, March 4, 17¹¹.

S I R,

EVER since the Receipt of yours, I have been involv'd in such a Tumult of Affairs, that I have not had Time to answer it; but this Flux of Business being in some Measure abated, I embrace this Opportunity, by your Kinsman, of returning an Answer. *Cleanthes* has now been enter'd in the *Temple* about twelve Months; the first six, I am inform'd, he closely pursu'd his Study, and gave early Proofs of a great Man; but since that, he has plac'd his Affections on a beautiful young Lady of a small Fortune, and has bid farewell to his Books. You know he was a Youth remarkable for his grave Solidity; but now such a strange Metamorphosis, that he is turn'd gay and *debonair*, and seems quite of another Mould.

I am sorry to tell you, that the last Post brought me the unwelcome News of *Philetus* Death: He was a Man, you know, of an admirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, and I was very happy in his Acquaintance;

50 LETTERS on various Subjects.

quaintance; and as the Happiness of Man, in a very great Measure, consists in mutual Conversation, and a friendly Correspondence, that Happiness I enjoy'd in the most exquisite Manner, and always look'd upon it the pleasantest Satisfaction of my Life. The Loss of a Friend, of all others, is the most insupportable, and one of the greatest Trials of human Frailty. Our Life is checker'd with Adversity and Prosperity,

Nulla sors longa est, dolor ac voluptas invicem cedunt.

I have such a melancholy Scene before me upon this Loss, that I am not in a Cue for Epistolizing, therefore hope you will excuse the Brevity of this. I wish you the Continuance of your Health, and am,

Your sincere Friend,

and humble Servant.

London,

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London, March 25, 1712.

S I R,

I Am inform'd by a Letter the last Post, that most of the young Men in your Town totally disregard the Fair Sex, and devote themselves entirely to the Bottle, which I am not only sorry, but surpriz'd to hear, especially from a Town so remarkable for celebrated Beauties; but I am glad you are exempted from this Charge exhibited against your Town: For my Part, when I see a beautiful young Lady, the Sight of her diffuses a secret Satisfaction, and strikes my Mind with an inward Joy, and causes a sudden Chearfulness, and a secret Delight. The Man that has no Veneration for the Fair Sex, nor no Notions of generous Love,

*The Cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.*

E 2.

such

52 LETTERS on various Subjects.

such a one I strike out of the List of my Acquaintance.

I find you have a true Relish of innocent Pleasures, and an exquisite Taste of Happiness, without which, Life, indeed, would but move heavily away, and our Journey here would be tedious and unpleasant.

— *sine amore jocisq;*
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisq;

Your Remarks upon *Cleanthes* pronounce you a sociable Being; and I love a Friend that gives me his Sentiments upon any entertaining Occurrences, or that gently reproves the Indecencies and irregular Actions of Mankind; but I would not have him, in any Respect, sully their Characters, or wound their Reputations with any unmerited Aspersions, which are Faults I never could lay at your Door.

You importune me very much to write to you often, which I shall not fail to do, having now no other Way of conversing with you but by Letters; literal Correspondence being the best Preservative of Friendship, and the most agreeable Oil
to

LETTERS on various Subjects. 53

to keep alive the Lamp of Affection betwixt distant Friends; which, on my Part, shall be strictly preserv'd by,

Dear SIR,

Your sincere Friend,

and very humble Servant.





London, May 3, 1712.

Dear Sir,

THE Receipt of your last, prevented my impeaching you of High Crimes and Misdemeanours for your long Silence. Since you left this Town, I never, without Regret, reflect on the Distance you are from me, therefore hope a continual Inter-course of Letters, will, in some Measure, alleviate your Absence. As to your pleading you can send me nothing worth my Entertainment, 'tis but a weak Apology for a Gentleman of your refin'd Taste, and universal Acquaintance; for I do assure you, that I expect more Satisfaction in a Letter penn'd by you, dated from a silent Grotto, a shady Arbour, or the Banks of a purling Stream, than one dated from Tom's Coffee-House, or the Queen's Head Tavern: A Prospect of flowery Meadows, smiling Vallies, and such beautiful Scenes, and agreeable Landkips, warm the Imagination,

gination, and naturally inspire us with noble and exalted Sentiments; but let not these Expectations of mine occasion your Silence; for did your Letters only bring me an Account of your Health, that alone would sufficiently prepare their Entertainment.

I find you want a whole Packet of News; but I have convers'd so little in Publick of late, that I know not who and who's together. The Ladies Hoops are now made so large, and their Head-Dresses so small, that the Ladies seem to be of a Pyramidical Form. Streets are still crowded; and in many Faces you may read, that Money they make their *Summum bonum*. Sir John-Denham's Lines are still verify'd.

*Where with like Haste tho' several Ways they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.*

I meet some Men in my Walks of very narrow Fortunes, that make pompous Appearances; and others worth twenty thousand Pounds, wear Cloaths that bear the Marks of Poverty. The Theatres are crowded when an indifferent Play is acted, and the Churches thin when eminent

56 LETTERS on various Subjects.

nent and orthodox Divines preach in them. Peace and War are promiscuously talk'd of. *Quot Homines, tot Sententia.* We drank your Health cordially last Night at the *Queen's Head.* I wish you all the Satisfaction a Country Life is capable of affording, and am, with the utmost Sincerity,

Your humble Servant.



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London, May 3, 1712.

S I R,

A Mongst the many base and inhuman Actions Mankind are guilty of I know none of a more odious and detestable Nature, than Scandal and Ingratitude; they are Crimes of the darkest Dye, and blackest Complection; and the Men that are guilty of such vicious Practices, are the very Bane and Pest of human Society: Every honest Man ought to guard against such Men, with as much Care as he would against the Foam of a mad Dog, or a Pestilential Contagion; of which Crimes I charge you guilty of; therefore I have raz'd your Name out of the Catalogue of my Friends, *Vive, vale.*

Tours.

London;



London, May 6, 1712.

S I R,

THE many valuable Instances of your Affection, which your kind and obliging Letter afforded me, makes me hope our Friendship is beyond Ceremony and Formality, and that we shall declare our Sentiments freely, and without Reserve. There is such an Air of Friendship and Sincerity in your Letter, that I now think myself enroll'd amongst the Catalogue of your Friends. You shall always find my Expressions flow from an honest Heart, and a sincere Mind, tho' they are not embellish'd with fine Turns of Thought, nor enrich'd with refin'd Expressions; for Friendship does not consist in Paintings of Oratory, Master-Strokes of Eloquence, and a pompous Appearance of Words; but, on the contrary, in Sincerity of Mind, in removing Cares, animating Virtue, &c.

I was

LETTERS on various Subjects. 59

I was favour'd with a Letter from *Hilaris* the 15th ultimo. I fancy his Mistress has discarded him; for the principal Theme of his Letter is a Composition of Raillery against the Fair Sex, and says,

————— *varium & mutabile semper*
Famina —————

I remember Mr. Dryden, in the Dedication of his Translation of *Virgil*, observes, that it is the sharpest Satyr in the fewest Words, that ever was compos'd on Woman-kind; for both the Ajectives are Neuter, and *Animal* must be understood to make them Grammar.

I cannot but acknowledge myself oblig'd to you, for the earnest Desire you express of seeing me at *Oxford*. The Satisfaction of seeing you, is one of the greatest Happinesses I can propose to myself, and cannot but heartily wish for that happy Day; till then

*The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.*

Of

60 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

Of this be assur'd, that as soon as I
can disengage myself from Business, I
fully purpose to pay you a Visit, and
am sincerely,

Dear S I R,

heartily yours.



Peter Shan

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Peterſham near Richmond,
May 24, 1712.

Dear Sir,

WHEN you peruſe the Place this Letter is dated from, I hope you will no longer charge me with an Age of Silence, nor long Night of Forgetfulneſs; for nothing but the coercive Charms of rural Pleaſures, could have given Birth to this Silence.

I am happy in this bliſſful Retirement, not only with a Circle of agreeable Friends, but likewise enjoy all the Delights this admir'd Place is capable of affording, which is ſurrounded with more beautiful Landſkips, than any Place I know of in *England*. This agreeable Satisfaction I enjoy in the moſt delightful Season of the Year.

*For thee ſweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear;
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the Year.*

Nothing can be more pleaſing and delightful, than to entertain ourſelves with the beautiful and gay Scenes of Nature: The
F delightful

62 LETTERS on various Subjects.

delightful Shade of the Trees, the sweet Odour of the Flowers, the gentle purling of the Streams, and the melodious Harmony of the Birds, furnish out all those Scenes that are most apt to inspire Mankind with happy Thoughts, compose the Mind, strike the Imagination, and often give Birth to laudable Contemplations. The Country affords an infinite Variety of Images; which was one principal Reason why the Poets generally are enamour'd with a rural Life.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.

In such venerable Shades as these, *Horace's* Muse was inspir'd with surprizing Thoughts: Not the dazzling Splendour of *Rome* in its Glory, would induce that great Poet to leave his beloved, his happy Retirement. *Virgil* made Choice of the same happy Life, whose exalted Thoughts, and harmonious Verses are inimitable. The Strokes of Nature to me always appear more bold and beautiful, than the most exquisite Embellishments of Art, and give me a more exalted Scene of Pleasure, than the nicest and most accurate Productions of Art; for as *Cowley* says,

Can

*Can all your Tapestries and Pictures show
More Beauty, than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow:
Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded Palaces.
And in your Towns, that Prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the Country to our Sight.*

Whilst I am admiring the regular Productions of Nature, every Thing seems to smile around me. I am going to enter into a long Description of Country Pleasures; but I hope you will excuse the hasty Thoughts these beautiful Landskips naturally gave Birth to.

I was not a little surpriz'd, when you inform'd me that *Indocilis* is intended for a Clergyman. It is a peculiar Misfortune that many Parents run into, in not consulting the Genius and Disposition of their Children; for such is the indulgent Fondness of some Parents, that they resolve upon a Profession for their Son, without any Regard to the Lad's Inclinations, or his Capacity; whereas, in so important an Affair of Life, both ought strictly to be examin'd into; those Parents particularly, whose Circumstances will admit them to give their Children a liberal Education, and bring them up to Study Divinity, Law,

64 LETTERS on various Subjects.

or Physick, should let their Children prosecute the Study which is most agreeable to their natural Talents. *Indocilis* may, perhaps, get to be a Country Curate, but he will make but a dull plodding one; but would his Father send him up to this City, he might make an indefatigable Tradesman, with a less Sum of Money than is laid out in an University Education; and have his Son stand a much fairer Chance to be a Sheriff, or an Alderman of *London*, than he will, by an Academical Education, of being a Dean or a Bilhop. Excuse my trespassing so much on your Patience, and believe me to be,

S I R,

Your sincere Friend,

and faithful Servant.



London,



London, June 5, 1712.

MADAM,

YOUR long Silence, I was afraid, was the Harbinger of your Indisposition; but the Receipt of yours happily banish'd those gloomy Thoughts. You shall never persuade me, Madam, that conversing with you, would ever abate my Esteem for you; for there are a thousand Graces, and peculiar Charms, which are to be discover'd in a beautiful Ladies relating any Thing, which would enhance my Esteem, and give a more essential Happiness, which I lose by your Absence.

I have often, with Concern, reflected on our great Distance; but that Unhappiness I bear with more Ease, since I have the Satisfaction of hearing from you. I never enjoy myself more, than when I steal a few Minutes from the Multiplicity

F 3

of

66 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

of Business I am engag'd in, to write to you, nor am I ever more pleas'd, than when I receive a Letter from you: Such happy Effects have your Letters, that they not only open to me an immediate Scene of Delight and Satisfaction; but when at any Time my Mind is discompos'd by Hurry of Business, or I have been perplex'd at any Disappointments, a Recourse to your Letters has reliev'd me, and entirely banish'd any Disquietudes I labour'd under; and if your Letters have such powerful Charms, what transporting Joy must your polite Conversation, the Sweetness of your Temper, your lively Turns of Wit, and your agreeable Qualities afford me; sure I am, the Affliction must be insupportable, that your happy Temper, and admir'd Goodness could not remove.

I have not heard from *Dorinda* since *March*, and am afraid my last miscarry'd; for which I can scarce forbear blaming Dame Fortune. Last Post I sent a second Letter, hoping it will meet with better Success on the Road.

On Thursday last I saw your Brother: He is a Gentleman of an unblemish'd Character, indefatigably industrious in his Business; by which Means he has
establisht

LETTERS on various Subjects. 67

establish'd a very large Trade, and is
in a fair Way of acquiring a plentiful
Fortune.

I am,

with profound Veneration,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant.



London,



London, June 19, 1712.

Dear Sir,

I Receiv'd your kind Letter by your worthy Friend *Eudoxus*. I was sorry his Stay in Town was so very short; I wish it had been longer, for I should have been a very considerable Gainer by his Conversation. The Day before he left *England*, he desir'd me to accompany him to *Westminster-Abbey*, to view the Tombs and Monuments, which he heard that Collegiate Church was remarkably famous for: I was glad of the Opportunity of attending a Gentleman of so very polite a Taste. He was extremely delighted with the beautiful Inscriptions, particularly Dr. *Busby's*, which he read with Pleasure; Mr. *Purcell's*, he said, was the greatest Panegyrick in the fewest Words that he had ever met with; and Dr. *Heylyn's* Epitaph he admir'd very much; which is a Monument I can't recollect that ever I took Notice of before, though I have often

amus'd

LETTERS on various Subjects. 69

amus'd myself with these Registers of Existence. Dr. Heylyn was Prebendary and Sub-Dean of this Church about eighty Years ago; and I heartily wish that all his Successors would copy after so great, and so good a Man. After *Endoxus* had taken a Survey of these magnificent Tombs and Monumental Inscriptions, he told me, that he look'd upon these solemn Scenes of Mortality, to be more moving than the sublimest Oratory, or the greatest Master-Strokes of Eloquence: For my Part, when I view the Antiquity of this venerable Building, and these silent Mansions of the Dead, they always give Birth to serious Reflections: These Monuments are certainly very strong and convincing Arguments, that we are but Passengers here; and are very proper Incentives to remind us all of that fix'd State of Life, which every Moment we approach nearer to. If natural Endowments, or acquir'd Abilities could have preserv'd Mankind from Death, the pious and learned Men interr'd in this venerable Dome, might justly have challeng'd an Exemption from the Grave; but Men of the greatest Genius's, and the meanest Capacities, are subject to Death, *Omnes una manet nox*, &c. and after a short Turn in this World, when we have acted our Parts on this Stage of Life, we shall make

70 LETTERS on various Subjects.

make our Exit; but though our Bodies are laid in the Grave, and crumbled to their native Dust, we shall not drop into a State of Annihilation; for a well-spent Life gives us full Assurances of a Being without End, and that we shall enjoy a Happiness adequate to that Being; for our Souls, the nobler Part, shall be translated to an happy Existence of heavenly Mansions, and immortal Joys, therefore

Βίος ἐπίσημος καλὸν ἐπιτάφιον ἔστι.

I found these gloomy Mansions had occasion'd a Thoughtfulness in *Eudoxus*; in order to remove which, the Evening being very pleasant, we took a Boat, and went to the *Spring Garden*, which at this Time of the Year is very pleasant; the tuneful Harmony of the Nightingales, the warbling Notes of other Birds, and the Coolness of the Walks, conspir'd to make us happy. Before *Eudoxus* saw this delightful Garden, he pronounc'd *St. James's Park* his favourite Place; but after he had taken a Turn round the Walks, he gave this the Preference. It's true, when I am in *St. James's Park*, I have the Prospect of the Court. I see a large Canal, Rows of Trees regularly planted; but it has not those natu-

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ral Charms the *Spring Garden* is so peculiarly distinguish'd for; the beautiful Wildness of Nature opens to me a more agreeable Scene, than the most study'd Elegancies of Art. After we had spent about an Hour in these pleasing Walks, we went into a delightful Arbour shaded with Trees, and refresh'd our selves; we had not been long there, but from an adjoining Arbour we heard a Female sing melodiously; the Musick of her heavenly Voice summon'd all our Faculties together, and *Eudoxus* broke out into the following rapturous Lines of our celebrated Poet.

*Let all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
And ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;*

And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath

Be calm, as in the Arms of Death;

And thou, most fickle, most uneasy Part,

Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,

Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,

Thou busy, idle Thing, to heave.

Stir not a Pulse; and let my Blood,

That turbulent, unruly Flood,

Be softly slid:

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.

Our

72 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Our Curiosities led us to be very desirous of seeing the Person that had given us this agreeable Entertainment; so that we plac'd ourselves upon a Bench near the Arbour for that Purpose; we had not been long seated, but two Ladies came out, and plac'd themselves by us; by their Discourse, we easily discover'd they were Creatures of the Town. *Eudoxus* lectur'd these sporting *Venus's* severely, and reprimanded them for their vicious Course of Life; but they were so harden'd in their impious Practices, that they only laugh'd at his Admonitions; for his Lectures made no Impression on them.

— *Quis famineos possit reprehendere cursus
Et rapida stimulos frangere nequitia.*

These Traders in Sin are so habituated to many of the reigning Vices of the Age that they are seldom reclaim'd from them.

Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia.

A Man that is a Stranger to the Town would be easily impos'd on by these wanton Females; for some of them appear so gayly habited, that he would be apt to think the Fruit look'd tempting and very luscious

LETTERS on various Subjects. 73

luscious; but if he once tasted it, it's very great Odds, but he would find it prov'd rotten at the Core. Since it was your own Request that occasion'd these Occurrences to be communicated to you, makes me the more favourably to hope, you will apologize these hasty Thoughts, from,

S I R,

Tours affectionately.



G

London,



London, July 10, 1712.

S I R,

TO hear a Gentleman, remarkable for Temperance and Sobriety, call Ebriety a charming Virtue, and Mistress of all Pleasures, is a Paradox. An Encomium on Wine is the Subject of your last; and I must tell you, my Sentiments very much interfere with yours. That Wine enlivens Conversation, refines the Understanding, makes the modest bold, the fearful brave; all these happy Effects (when moderately taken) I allow of; but when you call Drunkenness a charming Virtue, &c. I entirely dissent from you.

Man was made a little lower than the Angels, and Wine was given him to cheer his Heart; and not to drink to such an Excess as to unman himself, and sink below the brutal Part of the Creation. Health is the principal Favourite of the Body, and one of the greatest Blessings Heaven bestows on us in this State of Mortality; but by intemperate Drinking we impair
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LETTERS on various Subjects. 75

our Memories, ruin our Healths, and frequently shorten our Lives. Many Excuses are made by those Persons that accustom themselves to this Vice, *improbitas pretextu nunquam caret*, as the Love of Fellowship, that it expells cloudy Cares, and alleviates Sorrow; all this I submit to, when it is taken with Temperance; but an irregular Use of the Grape breaks the Pillars of Society, makes Men such Monsters, that they expose themselves in the most odious Colours, to the Scorn and Derision of all that see them. Well might *Seneca* say, *Nihil est ebrietas quàm voluntaria insania*. I shall conclude this Letter with Mr. *Phillips's* beautiful Lines, in his Poem on Cyder, speaking of the ill Effects of immoderate Drinking.

——— *Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British Isles, such dire Events remove
Far from fair Albion; nor let civil Broils
Ferment from social Cups, may we, remote
From the boarse brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and hospitable Love.*

I am particularly enamour'd, when I
read his Poem on Cyder, *Blenheim*, or his
G 2 Splendid

76 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Splendid Shilling, he paints every Thing in such lively Colours; and when I see his Monument, (plac'd next to *Chaucer* in *Westminster-Abbey*, erected by our present Lord-Keeper) read the Inscription, recollect his towering Thoughts, his masterly Strokes of Wit, and beautiful Metaphors, I am concern'd that he dy'd so young; had Heaven prolong'd his Days, what new and exalted Thoughts would he have blest'd us with.

This is a Digression; but the great Respect I pay to this illustrious Poet's Memory, I hope will plead an Excuse for

Your entirely affectionate

humble Servant.



London,



London, August 10, 1712.

Dear Sir,

I Seldom receive a Letter from a Friend, but it occasions me to reflect upon the strange Effects it has on me; if I find my Friend is well, and his Letter has the Countenance of Friendship and Pleasantry, and perceive that his Days still glide on in an uninterrupted State of Happiness, I am unaccountably transported with Joy; but if on the contrary I find he is indispos'd, or that any Scenes of adverse Fortune ruffle or discompose him, my Mind is immediately oppress'd with Sorrow. Yours of the 6th gave Birth to the former agreeable Scene.

I always propose to myself a great deal of Satisfaction in opening a Letter from you, tho' it only brings me the glad Tidings of your Health, and convinces me that you have not forgot me.

Letters of a sincere Friend are the liveliest Pictures of him that can possibly be drawn; for I see his Temper, natural Disposition, and Frame of Mind, by his very

78 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Expressions; for *Epistola est index animi*; I am so sensibly touch'd with the Perusal of my Friends Letters, that whilst I read them, methinks I personally converse with them. *Seneca* was so sensible, tho' a Stoick, of that Kind of Joy, that when he open'd a Letter from *Lucilla*, he fancy'd he enjoy'd the same Pleasure and Satisfaction, he did when in her Company.

A Friend, a real Friend, and one truly such, is a Sovereign Blessing, and an invaluable Treasure; when a Man is oppress'd with any unexpected Vicissitudes of Fortune, or overwhelm'd with Sorrow, if he has an honest Friend that he can unbosom his Thoughts to, what a Calmness and Tranquillity of Mind does it afford; his Friend gives him such cordial Advice, that his gloomy Thoughts are entirely banish'd. *Seneca*, in his Morals, treating of a happy Life, couches Friendship under that Topick, as if Happiness could not consist without Friendship, (as undoubtedly it cannot): He tells us, of all Felicities, the most charming is that of a sincere and inviolable Friendship, it removes all our Cares, banishes Sorrow, and advises us in all the Affairs of human Life; nay, if there was no other Comfort attending it than the bare Exercise of so generous a Virtue, for that one Reason alone, a Man would

LETTERS on various Subjects. 79

would strictly observe the Rules of Friendship. The Snuff I will send you by the next Return of the Coach, and desire your Acceptance of so minute and inconsiderable a Trifle.

I am, with unfeigned Respect and Sincerity,

Dear SIR,

Your affectionate humble Servant.



London;



London, August 30, 1712.

S I R,

YOUR gentle Reproofs of my Silence, give me a greater Specimen of your sincere Friendship, than can be penn'd in the most elaborate Expressions; but when I tell you, that an Excursion into the Country prevented me writing sooner, I hope you will excuse this unusual Silence. I am but this Moment return'd, and I have such a pleasing Idea of a low Scene of Life, that I cannot but communicate it to you. In the cool of the Evening, I took a Walk about a Mile from the Gentleman's House where I resided, and came to a small Cottage delightfully shaded with Trees, which had the Prospect of a murmuring Stream, that gently glided along; being wonderfully delighted with the gay Prospects of flowery Meadows, and being captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the Place, I sat down under a shady Covert unobserv'd, and immediately saw the Countryman sitting on a Bench

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LETTERS on various Subjects. 81

near his Door: He had not been many Minutes there, but his Wife, in a clean and neat Dress, sat by him; he receiv'd her with a kind Smile, encircled his Arms about her, and saluted her with Joy and Transport: A well countenanc'd Boy, and a charming featur'd Girl, came out of the House, and went to their Parents; the pretty Babes coo'd in their Faces, climb'd for Kisses, and fondled about them; whilst they, with secret Joy, and unknown Pleasure, beheld their Children. The Love of this happy Pair was cordial and sincere; they were Strangers to the vile Practices of artificial Smiles, and fawning Flattery. I return'd Home undiscover'd; and in my Return I was led into the following agreeable Reflections, What solid Joy and substantial Satisfaction does their rural Cell afford them? How much happier are their Enjoyments, than our richest Citizens with all their Grandeur and admir'd Wealth? No Prince, with all his dazzling Splendors of Pomp and Greatness, tastes so much real Pleasure as that Man in this happy blissful State. Whilst I beheld them in this uninterrupted State, I contemn'd the gaudy Pageantry of the World.

*Thus flow their peaceful Hours unknown to Strife,
Till Age unwinds the latest Threads of Life.*

From

82 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

From which we may reasonably conclude, that a contented Mind is the most Sovereign Happiness, and greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World. I would dwell longer on this pleasing Subject, but I am fatigu'd by being jolted full ten Hours in a Stage-Coach; and what contributed more to my Uneasiness, I was all that Time wedg'd in the Coach betwixt a Couple of corpulent Country Justices. A Journal of your pleasing Occurrences in your Tour to *Tork*, would oblige,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.



London, *various*



London, Sept. 7, 1712.

S I R,

THO' we have the Misfortune to clash and interfere in our Sentiments in some Points of Religion, yet to convince you that I would not appear a Non-Conformist to you in Points of Friendship, occasions this to visit you.

You so earnestly importune me to maintain a Correspondence with you by Letters, that should I neglect answering yours, I should think myself guilty of the most unparalleled Ingratitude.

I find you blame *Tom Airy* for appearing in a better Dress than is consistent with his Fortune: You must excuse me when I tell you, that I am more intimately acquainted with him than you are, and am very well assur'd, that he is a Gentleman of strict Sobriety, and that he never is in Arrears to the annual Income his Father allows him. I will admit that he loves to appear well dress'd, and that he often appears in a better Habit than many of his Cotemporaries of superior Fortunes; but I am
very

84 LETTERS on various Subjects.

very sensible, many of those Gentlemen which have not the Prospect of so plentiful a Fortune as he enjoys, run into such extravagant Debaucheries of Life, that they spend twice the Money he does; they are not such provident Managers as *Tom* is; for I have known some of them guilty of such vile extravagances, that they have expended more Money in one Night, than he does in ten. A Man in this Town that goes a Stranger into a Coffee-House, or any other publick Place, has Respect paid him suitable to the Dress he appears in. How often have I seen a Stranger, which enters into a Company, that is endow'd with tolerable Sense, and dress'd like a Gentleman, better esteem'd and look'd upon by Persons of a higher Rank and Station of Life, than one that is in the same Company, though of much better Parts, that was but meanly habited; for a pitiful Dress has so much the Marks of Poverty, that tho' a Man talk like *Demosthenes*, the Meanness of his Habit prejudices many People against him; *Juvenal's* Words we find very often verifi'd.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit* ———

An

per An
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An ingenious Author very well observes, that had the great *Tully* himself pronounc'd one of his Orations in a Blanket, more Persons would have laugh'd at his Dress, than have admir'd his Eloquence. Mr. *Osborn*, in his Advice to his Son, tells him to wear his Cloaths neat, exceeding rather, than coming short of others of like Fortune, for that they would give him a better Reception wherever he came; therefore advises him to spare all other Ways, rather than prove defective in this. I can, for my own Part, experimentally affirm, that I find a Sword and a laced Hat always recommends me to a good Bed upon the Road; and that I have met with more civil Treatment, and better Usage, than if I had travell'd without them; though I cannot remember that ever they enhanc'd my Reckoning. Last Week I am inform'd, that a young Gentleman, which I have accidentally been in Company with several Times, has marry'd a young Lady with Four Thousand Pounds: He always appear'd very handsome and genteel, and I always paid him my Respects suitable to his Appearance, tho' I was a Stranger to his Fortune. I am since inform'd, that he had nothing but an annual Salary of 60*l.* per Annum from his Master, having no Dependance from any Friend or Relation.

H

This

86 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

This good Fortune of his I attribute, in a great Measure, to his always appearing in a good Suit of Cloaths, &c. had he appear'd in a mean pitiful Dress, I am of Opinion he had never marry'd so happily. I have a particular Affair or two to communicate to you, but the Limits of this Paper will scarce allow me to subscribe myself, what I really am,

Your very humble Servant.



London,



London, Sept. 30, 1712.

Dear Sir,

I Now sit down to a Task, which I think the most difficult that I ever undertook in the whole Course of my Life, I mean, to return Thanks suitable to the many signal Favours I receiv'd from you at Oxford. I return you my sincere Thanks with all imaginable Gratitude, and do assure you, that I look upon those four Days I spent with you at Oxford, the most agreeable Scene of my whole Life. I arriv'd in Town last Night in a perfect State of Health, and have a very pleasing Idea of that favourite and beloved Place Oxford, famous for its ancient and well endow'd Foundations, noble and magnificent Structures, and celebrated for the Education of so many Gentlemen eminent for Learning: You are happy in having the Advantage of conversing with Gentlemen of Literature, and polite Genius's; and

H 2

your

88 LETTERS on various Subjects.

your Gardens about the Colleges at *Oxford*, not only give an elegant Pleasure to the Mind, but fill it with Calmness and Tranquillity. I no sooner dismounted, but I went to *Philaretes's* Lodgings, and, pursuant to your Request, presented your humble Service to him; he was extremely glad to hear of your Welfare. I found him at Home reading *Ovid de arte amandi*; he told me it was once his Favourite Author, but now he thought some of his Lines were too lascivious. I was surpriz'd to hear a Gentleman of twenty one exclaim against *Ovid*: I told him, that tho' some few of his Expressions might be retrench'd, yet the Delicacy and Softness of *Ovid's* Sentiments are very affecting, and no Man ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought; and as Mr. *Dryden* elegantly expresses it, no one has search'd into the Nature of Love more Philosophically than he. This Morning I deliver'd your Letter to your Brother; I found him poring in *Coke* upon *Littleton*; he is a very pretty young Gentleman, has a very handsome Study, and his Chambers are as pleasant as any in the *Temple*. I shall think myself very happy in his Acquaintance.

My

LETTERS *on various Subjects.* 89

My humble Service to all my Friends
of *Brazen-Nose* College, with my hearty
Thanks for all Favours, not forgetting *Euphrates* of *St. John's*, and *Sempronius* of *Christ-
Church* College.

I am,

Your most oblig'd,

humble Servant,



H 3

London,

My



London, Sept. 30, 1712.

S I R,

YOUR Silence of your late Indisposition, anticipated the Uneasiness I should have labour'd under had I known it sooner. I wonder'd that you suffer'd my last to sleep so long in Silence, and lye bury'd in the gloomy Shades of Forgetfulness. As nothing is more pleasing to me than a Letter from you, so consequently, the Want of that Satisfaction gives me Pain for your Welfare. This unusual Silence I had Reason to fear proceeded from your Indisposition, but I heartily congratulate your Recovery.

Your old Friend *Eunomius* has at last ty'd the Gordian Knot; I was present at the solemnizing of his Marriage, and that Evening our Mirth was suitable to that joyful

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joyful Occasion. *Philaretos* was invited to the Wedding; he is a good temper'd Man, but is Master of few Qualifications that render a Man agreeable to the Ladies. At nine all the Company went to dancing, except *Philaretos* and an old Counsellor in the Temple, who sat by the Fire as Spectators. The Counsellor's Age was a sufficient Apology for him; but I look'd upon *Philaretos* as if he had been of a quite different Species from the rest of the Company. I am surpriz'd to find so many People want so necessary an Accomplishment as Dancing, which is attain'd in so short a Time, and at so easy an Expence; for it certainly gives a very becoming Confidence, a graceful Motion, and a genteel Behaviour; not that I would have any one to value himself in being an exquisite Dancer; for to be over nice in the Punctilio's of Dancing, is a Vanity so great, that I should be asham'd to let any Body see that I had spent so much Time as to be styl'd a compleat Dancer; but yet to be totally ignorant of it, and the Deportment that is gain'd by it, denotes a Man to be Stoical; and that he wants that Politeness, which renders a Man agreeable in the Ladies Company. I have known a young Gentleman of extraordinary

92 LETTERS on various Subjects.

nary natural Endowments, and great Learning, that has wanted this Qualification, that has enter'd a Room when there was an Assembly of Ladies, and made such awkward Bows, and ungraceful Gestures, that he became ridiculous to all the Company. As we return'd Home, *Philaretus* declar'd, that he sat in Pain all the Night, and ask'd me, whether the Ladies did not pronounce him a very unpolish'd Fellow; and that he was resolv'd no longer to be a Stranger to so necessary an Accomplishment.

You acted the Part of a Heroe, in resisting such an Object, especially when the Charms of Musick, and a delightful Prospect, fill'd the Mind with extatick Raptures and pleasing Ideas; such Allurements are too prone to soften the Mind, and lay a Man open to an innumerable Train of Temptations. The Poet's Words are too often verify'd.

Enervant animos cytharæ cantusq; lyræq;

Emilius has been so long Debtor to a Letter of mine, that I was in Hopes he would have adjust'd Accompts before this; was I not assur'd he could pay in good

good Sterling, I should not dun him so heartily : It is sufficient to compound with insolvent Persons.

I am sincerely,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.



London,



London, Oct. 6, 1712.

S I R,

I Find that *Hilarius* has advis'd you of the melancholy Circumstances of *Sinistrus*. I have more than once sat down and lamented the Misfortunes of many young Tradesmen in this City, when any adverse Scenes of Life have befallen them. The Source of some of these Calamities, I have frequently observ'd, arises from their first entering upon the Stage of Business. Nothing is more common, than for a Gentleman, that intends to make his Son a Tradesman, and can give him a good Fortune, to resolve to put him to an eminent Tradesman in this Town, and to give two or three hundred Guineas with him Apprentice; which large Sums of Money are often taken with a Youth, not with an Intention to qualify him the better for Business, but the Money will sufficiently pay a Master for his Board, during his Apprenticeship; and the more careless and negligent he is, the less capable will he be of prejudicing the Trade, if he ever begins the

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the World. Many of these Apprentices, if they meet with an easy and an indulgent Master, they commence Gentlemen, I might have rather said Rakes, before they become acquainted with any Branches of their Trade, visit the Play-Houses, Balls, establish an Acquaintance with young Fellows that are guilty of all the reigning Vices of the Age, keep their Horses, and ride out once or twice a Week; and all these Irregularities sometimes owing to the Dependance of a large Fortune, and often to the Connivance of a Master: And how many Times have I known these Extravagancies of theirs, put them upon being dishonest to their Masters, and so become Partners with them, before the Expiration of their Apprenticeships. But let us trace these young Men when their Time is expir'd, and they enter upon Business for themselves: They have been so far from being confin'd to Business when Apprentices, that now they commence Masters, and move in a higher Sphere of Life, they look upon it Mechanick to be chain'd to Business, and are apt to say, let Men of meaner Fortunes, dull grovelling Wretches, labour at the Oar, they have a Taste too refin'd for the servile Drudgeries of the World; so that they abandon themselves to Company, and consequently their Affairs

96 *LETTERS on various Subjects.*

fairs at Home are neglected, whilst those Men of smaller Fortunes, which they look upon with so much Contempt and Disdain, are indefatigably Industrious, and acquire plentiful Fortunes, and many of them fine for Sheriffs, and others ride in State through a City Gate, and hear one of these miserable Objects craving for Charity thro' Iron Bars. Another very great Misfortune attends several of these young Men when they begin the World; as they principally devoted themselves to Pleasure during their Apprenticeships, therefore they have been so little conversant in Business, that they are not skill'd in those Articles they deal in; so that they lay in a Stock of Goods without a true well-grounded Judgment; and when Goods are not well bought, that Tradesman cannot sell as cheap as his Neighbours, for another of a less Fortune and superior Skill and Judgment, is more capable of accommodating a Customer with a better Penniworth. By this Neglect of the Masters, and their own imprudent Mismanagements, how many Instances have we seen of young Men setting out with plentiful Fortunes, instead of becoming worthy and useful Citizens, reduc'd to very low and deplorable Circumstances of Life.

I would

LETTERS on various Subjects. 97

I would not be here thought to reflect upon all Tradesmen in this great City; (far be it from me) for I know of many worthy Citizens, that scorn a base and ungenerous Action; that not only think it their Duty, but take a peculiar Delight and Satisfaction in keeping their Apprentices in a regular Decorum; and after they have discharg'd a faithful Service, and approv'd themselves honest and industrious, they take a great Pleasure in seeing them prosper, and improve their Fortunes; but I speak of those that take considerable Sums with their Apprentices, and connive at their Irregularities. I am oblig'd to conclude abruptly, having scarce Room to subscribe myself.

Your assur'd Friend,

and humble Servant.





A Character of the late
 Reverend RICHARD WROE,
D. D. Warden of the Collegiate
Church in Manchester.

S I R,

P Ursuant to your Request, I have sent you a brief Character of Dr. Wroe. ' He was born at Radcliffe near Manchester, ' August 21, 1641; admitted in Jesus-College ' in Cambridge June 1658; A. B. 1661; ad- ' mitted Fellow of that College July 21, ' 1662, A. M. 1665; B. D. June 11, 1672; ' D. D. 1686; Prebendary of Chester, March ' 15, 1678; Fellow of Manchester, March ' 9, 1674; Warden of Manchester, May 1, ' 1684; and dy'd at Manchester, January 1, ' 1717. He was a Gentleman that gave such early and continu'd Proofs of his great and extensive Genius in the University that King Charles II. made him Warden of Christ-College in Manchester: His happy Talent of Preaching, his graceful Elocution

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LETTERS on various Subjects. 99

his Ciceronian Language, and inimitable Address in the Pulpit, gave him the distinguishing Character of *Silver Tongu'd Wroe*: He was an exemplary Pattern of Morality, Temperance, and Piety; an eminent Divine, an orthodox Preacher, a learned Philosopher, and an admirable Orator: He was universally belov'd when living, and his Death as much lamented by all that knew him, having left a very grateful Remembrance behind him. An ingenious and a good Man may fill his Place, but a greater or a better Man cannot succeed him.

I am,

Your assur'd Friend,

and very humble Servant.





To the SPECTATOR. N^o 268.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you are Spectator-General, I apply myself to you in the following Case, viz. I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert myself at the Theatre, where I frequently see a Sett of Fellows, pull plain People, by Way of Humour or Frolick, by the Nose, upon frivolous, or no Occasions. A Friend of mine the other Night applauding what a graceful Exit Mr. Wilks made, one of those Nose-wringers over-hearing him, pinch'd him by the Nose. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it was very much crowded) a Gentleman leaning upon me very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand; for which he pull'd me by the Nose. I would not resent it in so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Disturbance; but have since reflected upon it, as a Thing that is unmanly and
disingenuous,

LETTERS on various Subjects. 101

disingenuous, renders the Nose-puller odious, and makes the Person pull'd by the Nose look little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am your Admirer, &c.

James Easby.





To Mr. CENSOR.

Worthy SIR,

FATHER, and my Birth, plac'd me in a middle Station of Life; the Thrift and good Fortune of a Husband have rais'd me above that Quality; his Wealth and Kindness both contribute to make me happy; but his own Want of Letters, and his Neglect of them in the Education of his Children, have drawn some secret Tears from my Eyes. Your Papers are always produc'd to us with the Tea-Table in a Morning, pray take this Subject into your Consideration: Let him know from you, that there are other Improvements which he owes to his Sons, besides teaching them to behave well in Company, or training them up to the Knowledge of genteel Expences. For
such

LETTERS on various Subjects. 103

such a Lesson, you will have the Prayers
of many indulgent Mothers, and parti-
cularly of

Your Admirer,

Miranda Love-wit.



The



The CENSOR's Answer.

I Doubt not but this Lady has often expostulated the Case with her indolent Spouse, and made the Education of her Children the Subject of those Lectures, which more unprofitable Wives make on the Want of a Silk Mantua for their eldest Daughter, or a Sword and a long Wig for the Heir of the Family. I could wish my Country were supply'd with a Number of such wise She-Monitors, and should then hope to see Posterity in the Land truly deserving to inherit.

Acquisitions of Knowledge, are much more estimable than those of Fortune: Riches, indeed, are generally the Keys which open the Door of temporal Advantages, and set wide the Avenues to Respect and Preferment; but with how much more Veneration are they gaz'd at, than those empty Figures, who owe their Rise to the Spaciousness of their Acres; and have no other Merit to recommend them to the World,

World, than the Treasures which their Ancestors have amass'd to make them considerable. I always view these gay Things, as Rattles in the Hand of Fortune, which she throws by with Contempt, whenever she grows fond of a better Play-Thing. Without the Addition of Literature, and intellectual Improvements, we are like the Fellows which *Horace* speaks of, who seem *born only to consume the Fruits of the Earth*. Can we think we are situated in a plentiful Universe, endow'd with Understanding, and rational Faculties, and that the Creator meant those Powers of the Soul, only to refine on Sense, and abett the sordid Views of Appetite? Are we bless'd with Ease of Circumstances, to provide alone for our Pleasures, and are Capacities given us along with this Affluence, only to furnish us more compleatly for Folly? I have look'd with Pleasure on the noble and beneficial Discoveries that have been made by Persons, who have added the Reputation of Letters to the Lustre of an ample Fortune; and have mourn'd the Advantages which have been lost to my Country, by Estates lying dead in the Possession of Blockheads.

The little Artifices of Flattery, and that Adoration which Self-Interest has made us pay to the laced Coat, and gilt Chariot,

Chariot, work us up to an Emulation, rather of growing great, than greatly useful. The cold Reception which a poor Scholar meets with, and the Contempt which *patient Merit from the unworthy takes*, as *Shakespear* finely observes, has made Learning an Object of our Fears. Apprehension sets Poverty in our Way, as a Disswasive to this Embellishment; and we guard against Improvements in Knowledge, as if they were the Forerunners of Want, and growing despicable. This Deference which has still been paid to Circumstances, puts me in Mind of *Dio-genes's* Reply to the pert Fellow, that ask'd him, *Why the Philosophers visited the Rich, and that the Rich seldom or never visited the Philosophers?* 'Tis because, said he, *the Philosophers know what they want, but rich People do not know it; if they did, they would be much more assiduous to make their Court to Philosophers.*



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To the CENSOR of Great Britain.

Venerable SIR,

TAKING a Survey of the Monuments in *Westminster-Abbey*, (with Concern I speak it) they were so clouded with Dust, and so bespatter'd with Dirt, that several of the Inscriptions are scarce legible. These Monuments were erected to perpetuate the Memory of celebrated Men, who have signaliz'd themselves by Learning, or Heroick Actions; and it is great Pity, that any one should deface the Characters of such, to whom this Nation still stands indebted, either for *valuable Books*, or *eminent Services*. Who can forbear exhibiting a Complaint to you, when he sees those Registers of Existence abus'd, or lye bury'd in Dust and Cobwebs? Those just and polite Encomiums engrav'd on the
Marbles,

108 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

Marbles, are very proper Motives to incite us to tread those Steps, which have gain'd them such immortal Honour.

I am,

Your very humble Servant,

James Redivivus.



The



The CENSOR's Answer.

I Entirely agree with this ingenious Person, that such Monuments are strong and proper Incentives to Virtue; and could wish, that they were oftner Rewards of the Commonwealth, than erected either through the Ambition or Tenderness of a surviving Relation. 'Tis Pity those who attend our consecrated Domes, should not have a Salary for keeping the Inscriptions clean and legible; which wilfully to deface or abuse, is a Degree of Sacrilege. The Emulation of copying great and virtuous Actions, is not the only Prize of these Marble or Brazen Records; they are Manuscripts, which the Impertinence of no busy Hand can interpolate; and which give the Sanction of Authority unquestionable to the Truth of what they contain.

We know we have ow'd many Points in History, and the Dates of Occurrences, to these lasting and unerring Pages; they are like Medals, which retrieve memorable Actions from Oblivion, and carry us back

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to

110 LETTERS on various Subjects.

to the Knowledge of Times and Circumstances. Those Chronological Marbles which we still boast of at *Oxford*, and the Restoration of whose Flaws have employ'd such able Pens, have settled the Periods of Persons and Ages, which never could have been fix'd from the Confusion and Contradictions so common in a Variety of Authors. We should then look on these Monuments like Abstracts of History, refer to them for determining the Fates of Families, and sometimes of Kingdoms; and cherish them, as our Courts do those aged Evidences, who can speak faithfully to Custom within their own Knowledge, which has been lost to Memory and Practice, and is alone recoverable by the Benefit of their Years.



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To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 95.

Dear Free-Thinker,

THE Person who made his Addresses to me, proving faithless and unsincere, I am reduc'd to send this publick Advertisement to you. I have 1500*l.* to my Fortune; my Person is not disagreeable; and I can pronounce these irrevocable Words *For better for worse* with any Man I like, having no Body to controul me.

Therefore I give fair Warning to all Batchelors, (for a Widower is my Aversion) that if I could meet with a young Man about Twenty-four, of orthodox Principles, and a reputable Character; one who has been well educated, and can give undeniable Proofs of his unfully'd Virtue and Sobriety; one who is industrious, Good-humour'd, facetious, and agreeable; with such a Man I should think myself and my Fortune happily bestow'd.

112 LETTERS on various Subjects.

When your Batchelor Readers peruse this, if they are sensible they merit the above-mention'd Character, let them send their Names and Places of Abode to you; and upon the first Intimation in your Paper, I propose to make Choice of that Candidate for a Husband, whose Virtues come nearest to my Wishes. I am sincerely,

S I R,

Your constant Monday and Friday Reader,

Miranda.

P. S. I once more bar all Widowers, and every Batchelor turn'd of Twenty-six.



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Mr. Free - Thinker's Answer.

I Heartily wish *Miranda* good Success; but I am afraid she is somewhat too scrupulous, if not a little Chimerical in her Choice. She seems to require a young, discreet, facetious, industrious, orthodox, Maiden Husband, a Rarity, in all Appearance, not to be met with throughout this populous City.

I would therefore, in the first Place, advise my fair Reader to make a larger Allowance in Years, and not to reject a Candidate of Thirty, who has not liv'd too hastily. It is likewise my Opinion, she should insist more upon the Person's good Sense, and less upon his Wit: Facetious Men are for the most Part not greatly addicted to Industry, neither are the Industrious generally much given to Joking.

I am very much at a Loss, how to signify to the Candidates the precise Meaning
Mr of my kind Correspondent, as to orthodox

114 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Principles: I wish she had particulariz'd the Articles she would have them subscribe before they enter into Matrimony. I will suppose for the present, that *Miranda* means no more, than that her Husband should think in all Points as she thinks; and whether that be a reasonable Condition, I must leave to her Determination; only I beg Leave to add one saving Clause for my Batchelor Readers in general, that the being well affected to the Protestant Succession, may not be accounted Heresy.

As to the Implication concerning Male-Virginity, it is not only of a very delicate Nature, but a most singular Merit in the present Age: But as the *Naturalists* have not as yet been able to ascertain the Proofs of it, I advise the Lady (that she may not for ever live a Maid) to take this Virtue upon Trust.



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Mr. Free-Thinker's Observations on MIRANDA's Admirers: To which is added, a Letter I sent him sign'd, Bob Smart. N^o 103.

I Am pleas'd that I have now a Day of Leisure, to promote the Interest of *Miranda*, and to forward the Pretensions of her numerous Admirers. Ever since I publish'd the *General Bands* between her and the young Batchelors of *Great Britain*, I have receiv'd daily Letters from Candidates out of the City, the Inns of Court, the Liberties of *Westminster*, as well as out of the Country, even as far as *Northumberland*.

I think I have shewn myself a very indulgent Guardian, and merited greatly from my Ward, procuring her more avow'd Lovers,

116 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Lovers, than any young Lady in *England* can boast of: In a Word, she is, through my Care, rais'd in a few Days to the Summit of Female Glory, being at present the most celebrated Toast about the Town: Her Name out-rivals every other Nymph's upon the Glasses; while amongst different Clans of Batchelors, she is drank under different Appellations: One Company fills a Bumper to the *Rarity*, another to the *Nice Virgin*; a Club of young Merchants drink to the *Fair-Adventurer*; and some Masters of Vessels have transform'd her into a Ship, and (over a Bowl of Punch) wish a good Voyage to the *Speedwell*.

In so great a Choice, *Miranda* cannot fail of pleasing her Fancy in a Husband, provided she does not too scrupulously insist upon one imperceptible Accomplishment. I own I am very ambitious to bring this Affair to a speedy Conclusion; and therefore I must on one Hand inform some suspicious Candidates, that the Lady's Letter is no Fiction of mine; and on the other Hand, I must acquaint my fair Pupil, that some of her Lovers give such Testimonies of the Sincerity of their Intentions, that they have subscrib'd their true Names, with the Places of their Abode; and most of them earnestly desire, that *Miranda* would condescend to let them know, under what

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what Directions they may appear before her, or in what Manner she will be pleas'd to reveal herself to them.

Mirandus addressess himself to the dear *Miranda* beneath the Willow; *Strephon* of the *Inner-Temple* thinks himself fitly qualify'd at present, but desires the Lady to be expeditious in determining her Choice, because he is upon the Verge of six and twenty; *J. C.* proposes a young Country Novice, and offers to be bound for his Virginity; *Mrs. Anne Meanwell* pleads for her Cousin *Alexis*, a very young hopeful Widower, and offers several weighty Reasons to remove *Miranda's* Prejudices on that Account; and at the same Time, desir'd I would recommend her to some Widower, who will accept of a notable Housewife with a very small Fortune. A Captain of a Man of War writes from on Board his Ship, and engages to take the Pretender in a few Days; and hopes the Gallantry of the Action, with the considerable Reward, may defeat all his Rivals.

I should not have Room in the Compass of this Paper, even to hint at the Merits and Proposals of the several Candidates, and to print their Letters would be an endless Attempt; nevertheless, as one of the Epistles is very singular upon such an Occasion, I shall give *Miranda* the Diversion
of

118 LETTERS on various Subjects.

of reading it entire; and were I not satisfy'd of her good Sense, I should be apt to imagine, this Gentleman bids fairest for Success.

Mr. Free-Thinker,

I Am a young Batchelor, and have had the Education of a Gentleman; but I cannot boast of any other Qualifications which *Miranda* requires in a Husband: And yet, Sir, I stand Candidate, and bid Defiance to all my dull Rivals.

I like the Lady's Wit and Mettle; she must needs be a lively Lass; and I demand no Favour, but a free Access, to be the happy Man. I know the World too well, to value myself either upon my Modesty, or my Good-nature; and I have too refin'd a Taste of Life, to pretend to Sobriety or Industry: But then I am a compleat Master of Insinuation; and I can feign a Passion so well, that it shall even surpass Nature. I am likewise skill'd in Palmistry, and know how to wheedle the Chamber-Maid.

These, Sir, are the Accomplishments, by which I doubt not of gaining a Lady who has her Fortune in her own Hands. I am already in Extasie! and am my dear *Miranda's* most passionate Lover and devoted Slave.

Bob Smart.

I have

I have only one Particular more to add, in order to procure a right Understanding between my Ward, and her Suitors. Several of them complain, that she has not vouchsafed to give the Publick any satisfactory Notice concerning her Person; and that she likewise does not promise, on her Part, to produce any Testimonials of her self being duly qualify'd to make a good Wife. This Omission has put Mr. R. L. upon addressing the following Verses to her; that she may see Batchelors are as hard to be pleas'd as Maids.

To MIRANDA.

*If e'er I quit the single Life,
Be this the Model of my Wife.*

*A Beauty without Art compleat,
Who, from her Toilet simply neat,
The Golden Tissue can despise,
And wears no Brilliants, but her Eyes.
Soft-blended in her Eyes should meet
Desiring Love, and sparkling Wit;
And in her dimpled Smiles be seen
A modest, with a chearful Mein:
As Pauses find in Musick Place;
Her Speech let proper Silence grace.*

Her

120 LETTERS on various Subjects.

*Her Conversation ever free
From Censure, as from Levity :
An undissembled Innocence,
Not apt to give, or take Offence ;
Nor fond of Complements, nor rude ;
Not a Coquet, nor yet a Prude :
Averse to wanton Serenades,
Nor pleas'd with Midnight Masquerades :
The Virtues that her Sex adorn,
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn :
Not superstitious, nor profane ;
But in Religion greatly plain.*

*To such a Virgin, such a Wife,
I give my Love, I give my Life.*





To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 108.

Dear Free-Thinker,

I Am pleas'd you have assur'd my Lovers, that my first Letter was not feigu'd ; and I desire you to make my Compliments to all the Gentlemen who Toast me so affectionately. I intend soon to reveal myself to the Batchelor Candidates after a proper Manner ; and shall not be long in determining my Choice. In the mean time, I do not forbid the Addresses of any of the Persons you mention, excepting *Bob. Smart*. I thank Mr. *R. L.* for his excellent Verses dedicated to me ; and upon examining my Heart, I

L

can,

122 LETTERS on various Subjects.
can, with Modesty, pretend to the Virtues
he requires in a Wife.

I am, SIR,

Your much oblig'd Pupil,

Miranda.

**P. S. I desire to know whether Mr. Free-
Thinker is a Batchelor.**



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Mr. Free - Thinker's Answer.

I Must inform my Reader, that both the Epistles from *Miranda* are in the same Character, and not writ in a Man's Hand. In breaking open the second Letter, I observ'd it was seal'd with a Thimble, the Coat of Arms of a Housewife. The Question she is pleas'd to put to me in the Postscript, may probably raise a Jealousy in her Admirers, and make several of my Disciples envy the Happiness of their Teacher: Nevertheless, I must acquaint my Ward, that I am a Batchelor, (as she is a Spinster) through the Insufficiency of Love Promises; but then I do not come within the Limitation of Years determin'd by *Miranda*; though I must add, for the Credit of my Profession, that many a fine Gentleman of the Town, is not so youthful at Five and Twenty, as a sound Philosopher

124 **LETTERS** *on various Subjects.*

sopher is at Forty. But then again I am so wholly taken up with my Concern for the Publick, that I am not at Leisure to attend to the endearing Cares of a Family, and the engaging Amusements of Wedlock.



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To



To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N^o 123.

Mr. Free-Thinker,

PURsuant to my Promise, I purpose to disclose myself to the Batchelor-Candidates; but first desire to know, whether you have receiv'd any more Proposals since your last. In this Respect I am an arrant Woman, I am desirous of many Suitors; the fuller the Market, the better the Choice; and the Person I shall cull out of a Thousand, will think himself more oblig'd, than if I chose him out of a scanty Number.

As soon as I receive your Answer, I shall entrust you with my final Resolutions, that you may make them publick.

I am, SIR,

Your sincerely oblig'd,

Miranda.



The Free - Thinker's Answer.

I Have been surpriz'd at *Miranda's* slow Proceedings: She might have been happy, if she had pleas'd, too Months ago; however, she has not yet lost her Opportunity, for several of my Correspondents continue to enquire after her with Impatience, and will this Day be transported, to see that she has not alter'd her Mind. All I can say to her at present, is, that I long to see the Affair consummated; and that she needs not doubt of having a numerous Band of Suitors, when they shall know where to address themselves: In the mean Time, I wish she had thought of making a proper Use of the *Whitsuntide* Holidays, when every Candidate would have been entirely at Leisure to attend her Resolutions.

To



*To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N^o 136.*

Mr. Free-Thinker,

I Had fully resolv'd to send you a Messenger immediately after your Answer to my last; and now to apologize myself to you, and the Batchelor-Candidates, I shall give you the true Reason of my long Silence.

The Day after your last Correspondence with me, I was happily engag'd in an agreeable Circle of Friends: Your Papers, and particularly those relating to *Miranda*, took up a considerable Share of our Discourse. An intimate Acquaintance, to whom I had communicated the Secret of my writing to you, whisper'd a Gentleman in the Company, that I was the very *Miranda* in the *Free-Thinker*. The Gentleman took the first Opportunity of addressing me in the most passionate Manner; and has from that Time prov'd very assiduous in his Visits,

128 LETTERS on various Subjects.

sits, insomuch, that I believe his Affection to be sincere: He is a Person who, upon strict Enquiry, fully answers the Character I desire in a Husband; and on Monday next our Nuptials are to be celebrated.

I thought it a Duty incumbent on me to give you this Notice; and at the same Time, to make my publick Declaration of Thanks to Mr. *Free-Thinker*, and to the several Gentlemen who were pleas'd to honour me with their kind Wishes. And I must conclude with owning, that the Credit of your Paper gave Birth to this Marriage.

I am, SIR,

Your sincerely oblig'd,

humble Servant,

Miranda.



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Mr. Free-Thinker's Remarks on MIRANDA's Letter.

SEEK till you find, and you will not lose your Labour. *Miranda* has diligently search'd the Town and Country for a Husband, and her Diligence is at last happily rewarded. At the same Time, it is a great Honour to the *Free-Thinker*, that he has been able to save the Longings of a Virgin in the most important Desire in Life: And as this is the first Match, in the making of which I have been instrumental, I hope it will not be the last. I will not doubt of the Goodness of *Miranda's* Choice; nevertheless, as there are often unforeseen and strange Revolutions in the State of Matrimony, if the Gentleman

130 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Gentleman should infringe any of the Articles of Marriage, as she is my Ward, I desire her to appeal to me for Redress, whose continual Study it is to reduce the Men to Reason: Moreover, I expect a Letter of Thanks from the Bridegroom, for the inestimable Blessing I have thrown into his Arms; and besides the usual Allowances made to good Wives, I insist upon his giving her Credit upon Mr. Roberts, to have my Papers regularly sent her, in which they will both find many Things for their mutual Edification and Comfort.

I cannot help compassionating the Crowd of disappointed Batchelors, who will sigh over *Miranda's* Letter. What Numbers of gallant Youths will be reduc'd to wear the Badge of forsaken Lovers! I am apt to believe, Willow may bear as good a Price in the Market To-morrow, as Oak-Branches have borne for the three last Years on the Twenty ninth of May. It is the hard Fate of our Sex, (to which, nevertheless, every honest Man will think it reasonable to submit) that though a virtuous Woman be a World of Happiness, yet her Charms are not diffusive, and she has it not in her Power to bless more than one Man.

If amongst the Admirers of *Miranda*, there happens to be a Poet, whose Heart is Proof against the sad Tidings of this Day,

LETTERS on various Subjects. 131

Day, I hope he will call upon his Muse to indite my fair Pupil's *Epithalamium*, that there may be no Ceremony wanting, to do Honour to so extraordinary a Marriage: The Subject is new, and promises no small Glory to the Genius who shall versify upon it with Success,



To



To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N^o 190.

S I R,

A T last, according to your Expectations, I send you my most sincere and hearty Thanks for the *inestimable Blessing* you have thrown into my Arms. This Day six Months *Miranda* and I were marry'd; and you had heard much sooner from me, but that I thought it might not be so prudent to proclaim my Happiness in it's Infancy, lest the malicious Batchelors should say, I was under the Influence of the *Honey-Moon*.

Marriage opens to every Man a new Scene of Happiness, or Misery, but to me it not only proves a Paradise of Pleasure, but a sure Fence against all the little Disappointments and Uneasinesses of Life. When any Occurrences abroad happen to ruffle my Temper, I no sooner return Home, than *Miranda*, with her kind Looks
and

LETTERS on various Subjects. 133

and Language, and soft Endearments, composes every Inquietude within me; or if at any Time I fall into irksome Company, I find a secure Refuge from all Impertinences, by retiring to my Wife; who not only receives me with Transports of Joy, but entertains me with the most agreeable Conversation.

By this short Account, you may imagine the Compleatness of my Felicity, which I want Words to express, any otherwise than by assuring you, that when I look back upon my former Condition, after the Experience of six Months, I think upon the vagrant, unsettled Life of Batchelors with Commiseration.

I am, SIR,

Your sincerely devoted Servant.

J. H.



M

To



To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 190.

SINCE you was so kind, as to desire I would appeal to you for Redress, if my Husband should infringe any of the Articles of Marriage, I think in Justice to him, and Gratitude to you, I should not neglect the Opportunity of sending the inclos'd in my Husband's Letter, to inform you, that I have not the least Cause to exhibit a Complaint against him; on the contrary, I think myself the most happy of Women, in an obliging, good-humour'd, generous Husband: He makes it so much his Study to please me, that there is no Day, nor any Hour, wherein the Satisfaction of my Heart abates; and I doubt not, but by my Constancy, my Fidelity, and my tender Love, I shall endear him to me for Life.

I constantly peruse your Papers, by which I am a considerable Gainer: And in
Return

LETTERS on various Subjects. 135

Return for the Instruction and Amusement I receive from you, I heartily wish, Mr. *Free Thinker*, you may be as happy as I am, whenever your Cares for the Publick permit you to marry; and that in the mean time you may enjoy an uninterrupted Series of happy new Years.

I am, SIR,

Your sincerely oblig'd humble Servant,

Miranda.





Mr. Free-Thinker's Answer, and Remarks on the two foregoing Letters.

I Take this Favour very kindly from *Miranda* and her worthy Husband. It was on the 10th of July that I publish'd *Miranda's* last Letter; and when I reflected on her long Silence, I must confess I was in Pain about the Success of a Marriage, which I had labour'd to promote; neither did my Apprehensions appear unreasonable, when I consider'd, that modest Wives will suffer long before they complain; and that many a Woman of Spirit is oblig'd in Prudence, even to applaud a Tyrant, for Fear of aggravating her Misery.

As my unmarried Disciples of either Sex read of this happy Couple, let them consider, that *Miranda* and her Husband, took the most proper Methods to secure their mutual Felicity; the vain Desire of Wealth, and Equipage, and of Honours, was laid aside,

LETTERS on various Subjects. 137

aside, and Virtue was made the main Article in their Treaty of Marriage; therefore are they blest'd with unenvy'd, unprecarious Joy. Few are the Instances this Town affords of domestick Happiness; and most Persons of Fashion think they answer all the Purposes of Matrimony, if they can be well bred enough, to keep Conjugal Discord within the cold Decencies of a malicious Civility.





To Mr. Free-Thinker.
N^o 152.

S I R,

I Am under a Cloud of Adversity, being incapable of answering all the Demands of my Creditors. I send you a particular Account of my Concerns, that it may appear I have not been extravagant; which when my Creditors shall see, I hope they will the more readily commiserate my Case.

I began to trade for myself in the Year 1704. My Wife's Fortune, and my own, amounted to 400*l.* 100*l.* of which was expended in Household Goods, and fitting up the Shop; so that I had then 300*l.* left. From the Beginning I have traded for 1000*l.* *per Annum*, one Year with another; and my Trade being in the Retail Way, I trusted little; so that I thought my Trade was a good living Business, and that I rather added to, than diminish'd my Stock: But since my present Scene of Misfortunes,

LETTERS on various Subjects. 139

fortunes, I have fate down, and seriously reflected how I should run out; upon which I made the following Calculation. Expended each Year, viz.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Rent —————	25	00	0
A Child at Nurse, and a } Lying-in ————— }	20	00	0
A Man Servant —————	10	00	0
A Maid Servant —————	4	00	0
House-keeping, and wearing } Apparel ————— }	70	00	0
Coals, Candles, Washing } Small Beer, and other con- } tingent Charges ————— }	10	00	0
Church and Poor, Water, } Watch, Windows and Con- } vex Lights, Parish and } Ward Offices, Company } Charges, &c. one Year } with another ————— }	10	00	0
Pocket Expences annually —	8	00	0
Bad Debts 6 <i>l.</i> per <i>Ann.</i> —	6	00	0
	163	00	0
Gain'd in 15 Years Trade, } 120 <i>l.</i> each Year, is ————— }	1800	00	0
Cash when I began —————	300	00	0
	2100	00	0
	Expended		

140 LETTERS on various Subjects.

	l.	s.	d.
Expended, as by the above Calculation 163 l. every Year, which in 15 Years amounts to	2435	00	0
Gain'd	2100	00	0
Bad	345	00	0
Upon the casting up of my Stock, &c. I find that I have Shop-Goods, valu'd at	420	00	0
Household Goods	50	00	0
Good Book Debts	126	00	0
	596	00	0

And I find that I owe my Creditors 94 l. by which I find I am capable of paying but 12 s. in the Pound.

By this Calculation of my Affairs I have two Purposes in view. The first is, that when my Creditors, and the rest of Mankind, shall see this faithful State of my Account, they will the more chearfully comply with the Composition I offer.

My second Purpose is, by Way of Advice to my Fellow-Citizens in general, that they would, before it is too late, sit down and make an Estimate of their Affairs; and if any find the Profits arising from their Trade,

Trade, do not answer their present Charges, that they would timely endeavour to extricate themselves from their growing Difficulties. This early Circumspection, would prevent the filling of our *Gazettes* with such Numbers of Statutes of Bankruptcy. This prudent Calculation is necessary at least once in the Year for all Traders, though never so considerable; and the Shop-keeper, or Merchant, who finds his Affairs do not answer his Expectations, should, in Time, contract his Expences proportionably, or fall upon some other expedient, to make good the Deficiencies owing to his Inadvertency. Your Thoughts upon this Subject would be serviceable, as well as acceptable to the Town.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

and humble Servant;

J. H.

Mr.



Mr. Free-Thinker's Remarks on the foregoing Letter.

MY unfortunate Correspondent has, in his own Words, sufficiently caution'd his Fellow-Citizens not to trade without Book; and as the Warnings of a Sufferer are the most effectual, instead of attempting to enforce his Admonitions, I shall turn Advocate for him with his Creditors, supposing the above-written Account to be fairly stated.

We are liable to Oversights in every Condition of Life; and Traders are of all Men the most liable to fail in their Endeavours. Every Imprudence is not to be

LETTERS on various Subjects. 143

be treated with Rigour: And I speak it to the Honour of the City, that an unsuccessful Dealer generally meets with Compassion there; whereas a Failure at Court is usually pursu'd with unworthy Reproaches and Contempt.

Methinks the first Failure of every Man calls for Indulgence. But that I may not be guilty of Partiality, even in pleading for the Distress'd, I think it reasonable the Creditors should, in their Determinations, have a Regard to the Character of their Debtor. A fair Character generally is (and always should be) the visible Reward of Virtue, by the Support a just Man may hope for from it in Adversity. I know not whether I mention this Consideration to the Advantage or Disadvantage of Mr. J. H. who is an utter Stranger to me; and it is my Desire, that all who apply to me may keep themselves conceal'd, that I may be the more free in my Judgments.

But should the Persons concern'd with my Correspondent, generously comply with his Terms, he must not think the Composition a due Satisfaction to his Creditors; on the contrary, he thereby becomes doubly indebted, and is oblig'd,
by

144 LETTERS on various Subjects.

by their Forbearance, to double his Diligence and Frugality, in Hopes to put himself in a Condition one Day to pay the whole; otherwise, I shall be sorry that I ever attempted to speak in his Favour.



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To the Free-Thinker.
N^o 169.

S I R,

I Court *Angelica*, a young Lady of a good Family, well educated, prudent, virtuous, gentle, exquisitely handsome, &c. but of a moderate Fortune; my Father would oblige me to make my Addresses to *Prospera*, a Lady of a much superior Fortune, but in every other Qualification much inferior to *Angelica*. I doat on *Angelica*, but cannot bear the Thoughts of *Prospera*: If I marry *Angelica*, I shall incur my Father's Displeasure, if I wed *Prospera*, I render my self miserable. Your Sentiments will highly oblige,

Your very humble Servant,

J. H.

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The



*The Free - Thinker's
Answer.*

I Am of Opinion, that no Gentleman
should marry a Woman whom he does
not like.



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To the Author of the Free-Thinker. N° 182.

Mr. Free-Thinker,

IT is my Misfortune to suffer under the inoffensive, opprobrious Character of an effeminate Man, which (I am sensible) has been a main Hinderance to my Preferment in the Male Offices of Life; for I find Men of hale-bearded Countenances, and robust Constitutions, daily get into Business, who are not so well qualify'd as myself for a Merchant's Compting-House.

I enjoy a sober State of Health; but to my great Unhappiness, Nature has not form'd me for the servile Drudgeries of Life; therefore my Friends took early Care to give me a liberal Education, insomuch, that I write a fair Hand, am expert in Arithmetick, and can give unquestionable Security for my Honesty.

I have liv'd in a Merchant's House, and have transacted Business to my Master's Approbation; but the rest of the Servants, by

148 LETTERS on various Subjects.

continually teizing me with the petulant vexatious Reproaches of Delicacy, Primness, and Effeminacy, made me so much the Object of Ridicule in the Family, that I was oblig'd to quit my Service.

I am now out of Business, and have a very great Desire to be a Book-keeper to a Milliner; I shall be glad to serve upon reasonable Terms; in which Capacity, I am conscious I could give entire Satisfaction.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

J. H.



Mr.



Mr. Free-Thinker's *Answer.*

FROM the most aggravating Circumstances in this Letter, I am apt to believe, the Complainant has only the Misfortune to be a modest Man, and that he suffers for his Innocency: But to his Comfort, how unfashionable soever an Insensibility of Countenance may be in this Brazen Age, let him be assur'd, that Modesty is a very manly Virtue; and if any Milliner within the Liberties of the City, or the Precincts of *Covent Garden*, will be pleas'd to receive him into her Service upon my Recommendation, I will venture to answer for the Decency of his Behaviour: In the mean time, if he finds he has not Resolution to stand the Sarcasms of *Flirts* and *Smarts*, and would be glad to shelter his Meekness under the present Outside of Manhood, let him practise a stern Look, purchase a Hat of the widest Circumference, with a Bob Wig gather'd into a large Silk

N 3

Bag,

150 LETTERS *on various Subjects.*

Bag, and beard his Face with Snuff; and he may pass muster with the bravest of his Sex.

From a Passage in this Letter, I cannot but observe, how the Notions of Men differ about a liberal Education. In the City, it seems, the Tokens of a liberal Education are to write a fair Hand, to cast Accompts well, and to give a good Bond of Security. About a Court, the Marks of it are to dress, to cringe, to flatter; and in the Country, the Perfection of Politeness is, to outwit a Fox, and to bid Defiance, upon full Speed, to Hedges and Ditches: But alas! not one of all these different Accomplishments mend the Heart, and regulate the Affections, nor inspire the Soul with generous Sentiments, which alone distinguish the Gentleman from the Plebeian.



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*To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N^o 198.*

Mr. Free Thinker,

I Am a Linnen-Draper, and am proud that it is my Province to serve many of the Fair Sex with Holland, Muslins, &c. but notwithstanding I make it my Study to please all my Customers, I had this Day the Misfortune to disoblige a Lady, by adhering too scrupulously to a favourite Maxim of yours, *That Honesty is the best Policy*

This Lady wanted some extraordinary good Holland, and pretended to a great deal of Skill, and the nicest Discernment in Linnen, which I could wish all the Persons had who come to my Shop. I very officiously strew'd my Compters over with various Sorts, told her the Prizes of them; but none pleas'd her. I continu'd to shew finer, till I had quite drain'd my Compters; but still she did not approve of any: Being
very

very studious to please her, I pick'd out a choice Piece of Holland, and justly recommended it for its fineness, told her I would engage for its Goodness, that it was even, thick, and white, that it was a Holland of an excellent Fabrick; with all the Eloquence of such like Drapery Terms: The very lowest Price I told her was 10s. per Ell; after all I could say, she found fault with it, said she lik'd it not, that it would not do, though she did not assign any one proper Reason for her dislike of it.

Being conscious that this Holland very well deserv'd the Character I had given it, I was resolv'd to make Use (in an honest Way) of an expedient which is sometimes practis'd in all Trades: Whereupon, unknown to the Lady, I shew'd her the very same Holland again, telling her, that it was an extraordinary Piece, and the very best I could pretend to put into her Hands: She ask'd the Price; I told her 13s. an Ell; she immediately blam'd me for not shewing her that Piece before, saying, I like this very well; she order'd me to cut off 12 Ells, for which she paid me. I thereupon return'd her 26s. assuring her it was the very same Holland I had offer'd her before at 10s. an Ell. I desir'd her not to have a worse Opinion of it, because I thought myself oblig'd to make a Return of that Money;

LETTERS on various Subjects. 153

Money; and said, she should always find sincere Dealing from me: Upon which she told me she would never come within my Shop. I answer'd, that I was very sorry her Ladyship should misconstrue a well-intended Action; that I was not willing to gain her Custom by defrauding her; and advis'd her rather to repose a Confidence in an honest Tradesman, than to rely too much upon her own Judgment.

I humbly appeal to you, Mr. *Free Thinker*, desiring your Sentiments of my Conduct in this Affair, and am,

S I R,

Your constant Reader,

and Correspondent,

J. H.



The



The Free - Thinker's Answer.

I Equally admire the Ingenuity and the Integrity of my Correspondent; and I promise him, that he will be no Loser in the End by his plain-dealing, so long as he tempers it with Civility and Discretion. There are, indeed, a great many refin'd Housewives amongst the Quality, who value their Opinion more, and make it go farther than their Money. But to bring this Lady to a better Mind, if possible, I shall endeavour to moderate her Confusion in perusing this, by shewing her, that Things dear bought, are not only fit for Ladies, as will appear from the following Lines of *Robert of Gloucester* on *William Rufus*.

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*As his Chamberlain brought, as he rose on a Day,
 A Morrow for to wear, a Pair of Hose of Say,
 He ask'd what they costen'd? Three Shillings he said:
 Fie a Dibles, quoth the King, who say so vile a Deed?
 King to wear so vile a Cloth! but it costen'd more,
 Buy a Pair for a Mark; or thou shalt ha cory fore.
 A worse Pair enough, the other swith him brought,
 And said they costen'd a Mark, and unneath he them bought.
 Aye, bel-amy, quoth the King, these were well bought!
 In this Manner serve me, or serve me not.*

This fashionable Sagacity, which enables the most unskilful to judge peremptorily of the Goodness of Things, by the Exorbitancy of their Price, is on no Occasions more apparent, than in Concerns relating to Health. Hence the most expensive Physician generally passes for the ablest Practitioner; and his Reputation grows in Proportion to the Increase of the Apothecary's Bill. Upon this Occasion, I beg Leave to relate the following Story.

In a noted City in the *West of England*, liv'd a Lady, who (bating her Passion for Medicines) was a Person of good Understanding. In one of her Vapoury Indispositions, her Sister (and Companion) recommended to her a Physician newly settled in the Town, a Man of sound, useful Learning, and Experience, who, by a diligent
 Observation

156 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Observation of Nature, had fallen into the exploded Practice of being sparing in his Prescriptions; a Practice which had prov'd as detrimental to himself, as beneficial to his Patients. This had induc'd him to retire from *London*, hoping his Honesty might thrive better in the Country.

Upon his first Visit to the fanciful Lady, surpriz'd to see her Apartment lumber'd with Bottles, Vials, Gallipots, little Boxes, and Packets, he (without Ceremony) orders her to part with that costly Furniture, that Collection of complicated Poisons; and prescribes to her, upon forming a right Judgment of her Case, only a simple Diet, taking the Air, chearful Conversation, and timely Hours of Rest.

The Lady, who thought there could be no Health without Physick, disdain'd this frugal Advice; and the Apothecary, who came soon after the Gentleman's Departure, struck in with her Humour, and improv'd her Folly into Madness; however, the Sister prevail'd upon her, with Difficulty, to see the Physician once more; having first inform'd him privately of what had pass'd. Whereupon repeating his former *Regimen*, he makes her an Accomplice in this Artifice, to dose the Patient every Morning with two or three Gasses of *Bristol*-Water innocently discolour'd.

Under

LETTERS *on various Subjects.* 157

Under this Management, the Lady soon recover'd, and every where applauded the Doctor; but the Sister triumphing in the Success of the Artifice, could not refrain from revealing the Secret: Hereupon the Lady thinking herself highly abus'd, grew enrag'd, deliver'd herself up to the Apothecary; and to justify the Quickness of her Apprehension, meditated Revenge upon the Man, who had dar'd so cheaply to deceive her into Health.



O

To



Mr. Free-Thinker's Answer and Remarks on three Letters I sent him. N^o 207.

I Have three Letters before me from my constant Reader and Correspondent J. H. In one he complains of the insipid Raileries he has suffer'd from his Youth, and still suffers, upon the Account of a Feature in his Face that is too exuberant: But this is a Grievance of too delicate a Nature, to be redress'd by the *Free Thinker*. In another, he animadvertes upon a little Indecency in Life, which he desires may be corrected. " I have often heard (says he) Persons of " Distinction whistle Remnants of Musick, " or hum Fragments of Songs, as they " walk along the Streets; an Amusement " not to be allow'd to any above the " Rank of Carters, Draymen, Porters, and Ostlers;

LETTERS on various Subjects. 159

“ Ostlers; who may be suppos’d (like the
“ Clown in *Dryden’s Fables*)

To whistle, as they walk, for want of Thought.

The bare mentioning of this Heedlessness;
is (without farther Admonition) a sufficient
Caution to such Gentlemen as are guilty of
it; wherefore I shall proceed to the third
Letter, which is of a very old Date.





Mr. Free-Thinker,

I Have for some Years observ'd, that we have a Set of Men in this Town, who seem to delight in coining new Words from Time to Time, that have neither Wit, nor Humour, nor Significancy. These new-fangled Words never fail to please the brisk Fancies of some voluminous Scriblers; who by perpetually using them in their Writings, and in Conversation, not only pass them for current *British* Language upon the illiterate, but even impose them upon Men of Letters and Capacity, who by admitting them into their Works, give them a Sanction. This is an Addition without any Improvement to our Stock of Expressions; an Abuse which you (as it more immediately falls under your Province) will, I hope, discountenance, for the Sake of our Mother-Tongue.

I am, yours, &c.

J. H.

Mr.



Mr. Free - Thinker's Remarks.

I Ndeed our Language has of late Years been greatly over-run by an Inundation of foreign Words and Phrases, as well as by Cant Terms of our own inventing. The Gentlemen Soldiers, the Gentlemen Travellers, the Perts, the Smarts, and the pretty Fellows, have all of them been aiding to bring our Speech into such Confusion, that even few Scholars can, at present, speak a Sentence, or write a Page, in the Purity of *English*.

I shall not enter so deeply into Criticism here, as to lay down the proper Rules for the Preservation and Improvement of our Language; but only give my Fellow-Labourers, whether in Prose or Verse, some general Notices, to preserve them from the over-notorious Libertinism and Wantonness of Style.

Let the chaste Writer then never suffer his Fancy to run after strange Words, when

162 LETTERS on various Subjects.

he may find as beautiful Expressions in his own Language; neither let him fly to Gibberish, when a decent Phrase will serve his Turn as well. Let the Historian, who shall attempt to write the glorious Battles, Sieges, Encampments, and Marches of the Duke of *Marlborough*, beware of the Verb *Reconnoitre*; the Men of Wit need never cry, *A bon mot!* when a fine Thing is said; nor Gallants have Recourse to the *Je ne Scais quoi*, in their Addresses to a *British* Lady.

Another plentiful Source of Impropropriety (unknown to our Fore-fathers) has been open'd in our Age. Nothing is more familiar, than to hear of sending a *Trumpet*, or a *Drum*, to carry Messages, and to make Speeches; a Figure which was not very happily imitated in the last Masquerade Bill, wherein the *Butlers* and *Instruments* were commanded to withdraw before Day-break; to which I humbly offer a small Correction to make the Style more uniform, by desiring, that *Bottles* may signify *Butlers*, as often as *Instruments* imply *Musicians*.

But the intrinsic Value of our Language, has not only been diminish'd by the Coiners, it has been much more reduc'd by the Clippers of our Sterling Words. We not only dock and curtail the eight Parts of Speech singly, but we crowd two, and sometime almost three Words into one Syllable. C

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LETTERS on various Subjects. 163

this Barbarity I cannot give a compleater Instance, than by presenting my Readers with a short angry Epistle, sent from a great Proficient in modern Elegancies, to a troublesome Relation.

Cuz,

PON my Rep^r I tell y^e I'll do't; *that's Poz.*
'Twas, and tis, and 'twill e'er be my Right.
Pr'ythee think on't again. What wou'd y^e be
ta'en for? Or d'y^e take me for a Nat^ral?
What Pow'r ha' y^e o'er me, I'd know? Or how
came y^e by't? I won't, nor I shan't be blam'd,
since I a'n't in Fau't. Therefore, as y^er fairly
warn'd, y^ed n't best be obstrep'rous, Look to't,
that y^e don't farther provoke.

Yours in Haste.

Several of our celebrated Writers have affected this abrupt mutilated Diction, not considering, that our native Tongue does by no Means stand in Need of an artificial Supply of Monosyllables and Consonants. It is true we have two Monosyllables, that in one Season of the Year generally bear a living Price; which (because they sound well) I will not take upon me to undervalue; but I see no Reason why we should be so fond of a great Number that are almost Mute, and turn to no Manner of Account.

The

164 LETTERS on various Subjects.

The Lawyers have indeed abbreviated the whole *Latinity*; but they are induced by many weighty Considerations to cramp their Words, and widen their Lines: But it is Thrift in us, who travel for the Press, to give every Word its full Scope. As our Language is rather too substantial, we should endeavour to rarefy, instead of condensing it; to which nothing will so much contribute, as the shewing great Indulgence on all Occasions to the five *Vowels*, and the founding *Dipthongs*. A particular Attention to this plain Direction, would, in a few Years, very much improve the Distinctness, the Significancy, and the Harmony of our Speech. Henceforward then, let the frequent Use of Abbreviations be a Reproach to all Persons who handle a Pen, excepting to Attorneys, who cannot afford to throw in a Vowel to a Customer *gratis*.



To

to be
Taper
Spring



To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 223.

Dear Free-Thinker,

MY Father left me 500*l*. which, by the fortunate Management of a Relation in this strange Hurry of Business in *'Change-Alley*, is now advanced to 2000*l*. Since this sudden and unexpected Addition to my Fortune (which makes no small Noise in our Neighbourhood) I am greatly admir'd by the young Men about us; and some of them who formerly let me pass unobserved, now watch every Opportunity of bowing and speaking to me in the most complaisant Manner. I have receiv'd some Love Letters, most of which compare me to *Venus* and the *Graces*; one tells me I am a very Angel, and bids me beware how I mistake myself for a Woman; and another incloses a Sonnet to me, wherein he says, that *Helen* and fair *Rosamond* were no more to be compar'd to me in Beauty, than a Taper to the Sun, or the Winter to the Spring.

Good

To

166 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Good, Sir, direct me how to judge of my present Value, and of the Sincerity of these new Admirers. I think I am neither younger, nor more beautiful, and probably not wiser than I was before this Change in my Circumstances; and yet there must be something more in Wealth than I imagine, or there is no Truth in Man. I am sadly perplex'd; and a little of your seasonable Advice would highly oblige,

S I R,

Your sincere Well-wisher,

and very humble Servant,

BELINDA



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Mr. Free - Thinker's *Answer.*

IN the present Case, my Character obliges me to act with the Uprightness of a *Sworn Appraiser*, in setting the just Prices upon the Goods brought before me, to the best of my Skill in Men and Women. I must assure *Belinda*, that the Sincerity of her new Admirers is not worth a common Courtesy, and would be over paid with a Smile, unless it arises from Contempt; and as to herself, my Opinion is, that her personal Value is neither more nor less for the Use of an honest Man, than it was before her Fortune had run the Risques of the *South-Sea*.

Honour and Virtue, Learning and Ingenuity, and even Beauty itself, are all for a Time subject to the Influence of *'Change-Alley*; every good and bad Quality rises and falls by the Artifice of the *Stock-Jobbers*,
amongst whom are Persons of no mean Rank

168 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Rank and Figure : Nevertheless, these Times of Infatuation will pass away, and Things will return to their intrinsic Value. For this Reason do I advise my fair Correspondent to lock up her Money and her Virtue, till she can dispose of them into safe Hands; and if she has a former Lover, who gave Proofs of a disinterested Affection, when she was Mistress only of 500*l*. she cannot do better, than to intrust him with her present Fortune, though it were 10000*l*.

Belinda has indeed receiv'd a considerable Addition to her small Portion; but if thereupon she gives into the Vanity of Dress, and twenty other Extravagancies, which, perhaps, she never thought of before, then is *Belinda* a considerable Loser by the fortunate Management of her Relation. Let her remember, that Fortune can take away as well as give; and that a superfluous Desire retrench'd, is a handsome *Annuity for Life*, upon a *Fund* absolutely *Irredeemable*.

Belinda's Success puts me upon addressing a serious Consideration to all the lucky *Chapmen* of the *Alley*. In these Times, wherein the Dealings in the publick Funds may be at least as prejudicial to private Persons, as they can be beneficial to the Publick; it is to be hoped, that those fortunate

LETTERS *on various Subjects.* 169

tunate Adventurers, who each of them raise vast Estates by the Ruin of fifty private Families, will at least have so much Humanity, as not to suffer the unfortunate Men, whose Spoils have enrich'd them, to lie in a Goal for those Debts, which their honourable Compliance with Contracts, that the Letter of the Law would not have oblig'd them to observe, has render'd them unable to satisfy: Indeed every Turn of good Fortune, ought to inspire us with Compassion for those who are any Way distress'd, &c.



P

To



To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 251.

Mr. Free-Thinker,

WHEN I was but eight Years of Age, an Uncle left me three hundred Pounds; and upon his Death-Bed gave a particular Charge to my Father to bestow on me a liberal Education: Hereupon due Care was taken to make a Scholar of me, and all Encouragement, which I seconded by my Inclinations, was given me to mind my Book. About six Months ago my Father dy'd and with his last Words urg'd my Uncle's Request, and his own Commands, that I should diligently apply myself to Learning; adding, that he

he had bequeath'd to me one hundred Pounds, which he had got by hard Labour, and sav'd by Parsimony. My Father left me to the Care of a Relation, who daily endeavour'd to wean me from my Love of Books: He tells me, that after my four hundred Pounds are wasted in the University, I may find it difficult to get a *Reader's* Place of thirty Pounds a Year: He says he spoke to an honest *Glover* last Night about me; but if I did not like that Business, he would desire my Cousin, a *Sword Cutler*, to take me Apprentice.

You cannot conceive, Sir, how I am shock'd at these Proposals. I represented to my Guardian, that the [Money which my Uncle and my Father left me, was intrusted to his Management to breed me a Scholar; that I was now fourteen Years old, and that I had a Disposition for Learning; that I had run through many of the *Classick* Authors; and that I had made a farther Progress in my Studies, than any Youth of my Age in the School; and that I was in Hopes of making a better Figure in the World, by having my Fortune laid out in University Learning, than in having my Ambition cramp'd behind a Compter.

P 2

Dear

172 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Dear, Sir, before it is too late plead for me, or I shall be chain'd to some Employment, in which I shall think myself miserable.

I am,

Your constant Reader,

and most devoted Servant,

James Philobiblos.



Mr.

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Mr. Free - Thinker's *Answer.*

I Hope this Youth has been able to obtain a Reprieve from his Guardian, and that I shall not come in too late to his Rescue. Let the Person entrusted then, consider that he ought not, through Levity, or Perverseness, or from a Motive of Avarice, to frustrate the Will of the Deceas'd; more especially when the Heir claims the Performance of it, and may in Equity demand it as a Part of his Inheritance; this Relation is bound in the most solemn Manner, if he has a due Sense of the uncertain Condition of Humanity, by which we are often oblig'd to leave the dearest Pledges behind us, to the Care and Protection of surviving Friends.

Let him then, if he desires to free his Soul from Guilt, first learn impartially from competent Judges, whether *Philobiblos* has sufficient natural Endowments to make rea-

Mr.

174 LETTERS on various Subjects.

sonable Improvements in any learned Profession, and gratify him accordingly in his Inclinations. In the next Place, supposing the Youth to be qualify'd for Learning, if this Guardian has compell'd his Ward into any Kind of Business, in which he pines after liberal Knowledge, it is incumbent on him to restore his Charge immediately to his Studies, and to make good to him any Part of his small Fortune that has been misapply'd. Lastly, let it be consider'd, that many a Student has been bred up in this Nation to great Eminency in several Parts of Learning, and become an Ornament and Blessing to his Country, upon a smaller Inheritance than four hundred Pounds; neither are those Times yet over, and the *South-Sea* Traffick, which enhaunces the Prices of all other Commodities, will render Learning cheap, since the Wealthy grow daily into a Contempt of Knowledge; notwithstanding that many of them think their Equipage and Furniture is not compleat, without a Library of gilded Books.

I must now give a little Advice to my young Correspondent. Consider thy self my Disciple, try thy own Heart, that thou may'st not hereafter repent of the Resolutions thou takest to abide by thy Studies.
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Doeſt thou deſire to increaſe in Knowledge,
 or in Wealth? To advance in Wiſdom, or
 in Grandeur, as thy Days multiply? Does
 thy Eye look with Pleaſure on the glitter-
 ing Chariot? Do the Enſigns of the City,
 or of the Court-Offices, influence thy
 Wiſhes? Throw aſide thy Books; let a
 Writing-Maſter qualify thee for a Clerk, or
 a Jew for a Broker, or a Dancing-Maſter
 for a Page to a *Director's* Lady. On the
 other Hand, Can'ſt thou be contented to
 give thy Life up to Reading and Contem-
 plation, and covet only moderate Food, and
 decent Rayment? With this happy Temper
 of Mind, thou wilt be ſecure of riſing
 every Morning to new Enjoyments in thy
 Purſuit of Knowledge; and thy Felicity
 will be the freer from Anxiety, as it will
 not be envy'd. Not but that it has ſome
 Times happen'd, that Men of diſtinguiſh'd
 Merit in their Profeſſion, have, by good
 Fortune, been advanc'd in every Reign;
 but the Odds are powerful againſt the Stu-
 dent, who fondly relies upon ſuch Caſual-
 ties to reward his Ingenuity; and thoſe
 Odds are yet greatly increas'd, ſince the
 Death of the late Earl of *Halifax*, and the
 Retirement of *Ennomius* from Publick Affairs.

The laſt Obſervation that riſes to me
 from this ſhort Epistle, relates more im-
 mediately to Parents; who, through an
 over-

over-weening Opinion, predestine all, or most of the younger Sons to be Scholars, allowing to the Heir alone the free Will to remain in Ignorance. Now as the Generality of Parents have neither Penetration, nor Impartiality, to judge of the Aptness of their Children; and since our School-Masters, for the most Part, either will not, or cannot inform them of it, it is to be wish'd, there could be proper Persons appointed to sort the Youths in every Parish, that they might be aptly dispos'd of, and their particular Talents improv'd, so as they might become significant in their Generation; for want of this early Care, (in which the *Jesuits* are said to excel) not one in a hundred is bred, nor afterwards employ'd, according to the Indications of Nature: Hence it comes to pass, that one Man preposterously sets up for an Orator, who might have made an excellent Crier of a Court; and that another of good animal Intrepidity, is sometimes wanted at the Head of a Troop, while he wastes his Fire in Councils, and debates with the Mien of a Dragoon.

Lastly, let it be observ'd, that a violent Inclination to be a Scholar, or any Thing else, does not always betoken an Aptitude of natural Abilities to second our Desires; therefore the Strength of the Child is first
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LETTERS *on various Subjects.* 177

to be consider'd, and we must determine for him, according to the Weight his Shoulders are able to bear, and not according to the Burthen he is ambitious to carry. What an uninterrupted Succession of Men of Metre (for Instance) have we in this Town, whose ardent Passion for the Muses, diverts them from all other Views in Life? And yet how few have the Honour to die before their Works!





*To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N° 260.*

Mr. Free-Thinker,

I Have been marry'd, and I have been happy near seven Years; and were it not for the late sudden Vicissitudes of Fortune, my Happiness might, in all Probability, have been prolong'd equally with my Term of Wedlock.

Several of my Wife's Acquaintance, formerly of inferior Note to us in Life, have been successful in the Alley; by which Means they have risen into Splendour, and unkindly visit my Spouse in gay Equipages. This, Sir, is the Occasion of all my Misery.

I seldom come Home, but I am reproach'd with the speedy and immense Acquisitions of others; so that for a quiet Life, I have been lectur'd into a Resignation to venture 1200 l. in Stock-Jobbing, of which, in less than ten Days, I find I have lost 500 l.

I thought

LETTERS on various Subjects. 179

I thought I might by this Loss have purchas'd domestick Tranquillity at least; but she still teizes me to play on boldly till I am a Gainer; so that if you do not come in speedily to my Assistance with the Authority of your Admonitions, I know not what will become of

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

J. H.



To



To Mr. Free-Thinker.

N^o 260.

S I R,

I Have an only Son, of whose Education I have taken great Care: He understands the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *French* Languages, is well vers'd in several Parts of Mathematicks, and has learn'd to Dance; his Ambition now is to learn to Fence; but being too sensible, that through the natural Warmth of his Temper, he is very apt to be angry on trifling Occasions, I have endeavour'd to dissuade him from the School of Arms. I am very much afraid, his being Master of the Sword will engage him in Quarrels: He is one of your Admirers, and a Word from you would be of singular Service to him; wherefore I must request you to convince him, that a
Man

LETTERS on various Subjects. 181

Man may be an accomplish'd Gentleman
without learning to fence, and you will
extremely oblige,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

J. H.



Q

Mr.



Mr. Free-Thinker's Answer to the two foregoing Letters.

I Could no longer postpone the Concerns of my old Correspondent, especially since they are of such Importance, that a proper Notice of them may be of general Use. The ruling of a Wife, and the preserving of a Son, are two of the most weighty domestick Cares; and, I believe, there are not many Masters of Families, whose Wisdom and Authority is equal to these momentous Offices.

I am loth to reprimand Mrs. *H.* with that Severity, which the fatal Consequences of her Indiscretion deserve, because she is
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far from being singular in her Humour; and I question whether there be one fine Lady in the Town, who has not teiz'd her Husband to put in to the Raffle of the Nation; nevertheless, they would do well to consider, that if they lose, they are plung'd in Poverty, and if they win, they are lost in Vanity; neither of which Calamities would befall them, could their Ladyships be perswaded to rest contented with their original Competency, as the Generality did, before the Licentiousness of Gaming appear'd under the Disguise of a Publick Good.

Emulation is natural to both Sexes, and is, perhaps, stronger in Women than it seems to be in Men; and since the Desire of imitating, and even excelling others, is the Spring of almost all our Actions, whether they be decent or unbecoming, our Endeavour should be, not to check this animating Passion, but to direct the Force of it to proper Objects; wherefore let the marry'd Women be taught to vie with one another, not in Dress, and Furniture, and Equipage, but in the Number, the Comliness, the Ingenuity, the Virtue of their Children; not in making an Expence, but in proportioning their Manner of living to their Circumstances; not in criticising on the

184 LETTERS on various Subjects.

Conduct of other Families, but in well ordering their own.

In the Complaint now before me, I do not think the Husband free from blame: To gratify a Wife in her reasonable Inclinations is Indulgence, to comply with her Willfulness and imprudent Solicitations is Weakness: Of which she will not fail to accuse the fond Man, if the Event should not answer her Expectations. Thus does *Milton* make *Eve* reproach the too great Facility of *Adam*.

*Being as I am, why didst not thou, the Head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such Danger, as thou said'st?
Too facil then, thou did'st not much gainsay;
Nay, did'st permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Had'st thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.*

To which *Adam* replying, concludes his Speech as follows:

————— Perhaps,
*I also err'd in over much admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought*

No

No Evil durst attempt thee: But I rue
 That Error now, which is become my Crime,
 And thou th' Accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him, who to Worth in Woman over-trusting,
 Lets her Will rule; Restraint she will not brook;
 And left to herself, if Evil thence ensue,
 She first his weak Indulgence will accuse.

But if notwithstanding these Reproofs, the Lady cannot be pacify'd without a Coach, a Chariot, a Berlin, or a Chaise, let her have but a little Patience, and I promise her she may have Choice of Vehicles of the newest Fashion, not worse for the wear, at very reasonable Rates; and probably some of her Acquaintance (to make her amends for her past Sufferings) may be so obliging as to accommodate her entirely to her Satisfaction.

As to the young Gentleman, if he wants an elegant Amusement to fill up his Leisure, let me recommend Musick to him instead of the *Science of Defence*, which I cannot allow to be either noble or necessary amongst Fellow-Citizens in a free civiliz'd Nation: Neither do I conceive how any Skill can be reasonably thought an Accomplishment; of which a wise and

186 **LETTERS** *on various Subjects.*

a good Man is not only aſham'd, but even dreads to give a Proof. I may likewise add, that the Men who place a Confidence in their Swords, are not generally Perſons of the faireſt Character; and the moſt dexterous Fencers have either ſhorten'd their Days, or ruin'd their Fortunes, or their Happineſs, and often put an End to both.

The ſecureſt Protection againſt Injuries and Inſults in Life, is Moderation, Diſcretion, Civility, Good-Manners, Sobriety, and a prudent Choice of Companions: Then as for unexpected Affaults, eſpecially by Night, a Rapier is a Weapon which is of little or no Defence againſt Ruſſians; or if it proves of Service on ſuch Occaſions, it is more owing to the natural Strength and Reſolution, than to the Skill of the Man, who is neceſſitated to make Uſe of it.

For theſe Reaſons, ſince it is not poſſible abſolutely to baniſh private Reſentments out of Society, I am highly pleas'd to hear, that among the angry Gameſters of the Alley, (who are the moſt faſhionable Perſons at preſent) the Foot, the Fiſt, the tough Sapling, and the ſmooth Cane, begin to be employ'd as the moſt proper Inſtruments of perſonal Satisfaction;

LETTERS on various Subjects. 187

ction; by the Mediation of which undesperate Weapons, (which no People manage so powerfully as my Countrymen) Anger is sufficiently express'd, and Honour amply repair'd, without the Loss or Hazard of Life to either Party.



To



*To the Author of the
Free-Thinker. N° 268.*

S I R,

I Make one in a Circle of Friends, who have agreed to meet, during the two Winter-Quarters every *Monday* and *Friday* Evening, under the Title of the *Amicable Club*. We have no Design against the State, nor the Stocks, and propose only to be soberly chearful in our Conversation. I have drawn up some General Rules to be observ'd, which the Fraternity have approv'd of, excepting one, namely, *That every Member shall spend One Shilling, and no more.*

Our Club consists of twelve Members, six agreed to the Article, and six voted for a full Bottle to each Man. Not being able to come to a Decision, we have unanimously referr'd it to your Determination, and hope you will give us your Opinion, especially when I tell you, that in one Article, the Master of the
House

LETTERS on various Subjects. 189

House is order'd to take in the *Free-Thinker* for the Use of the Club, and the Chairman is to read it audibly to the Company; which was agreed to *Nemine Contradicente*.

That you may be the more capable of prescribing what Quantity of Wine will be most convenient for us, it may be proper to acquaint you, that we are all young Fellows, betwixt Twenty-four and Thirty-four; and that our Club-Hours are from seven to ten a-Clock.

I am particularly enjoin'd to present the humble Respects of the Club to Mr. *Free-Thinker*; and assure yourself,

I am yours, sincerely yours,

J. H.



The



The Free - Thinker's Answer.

HAVING * formerly publish'd some Observations relating to the Seasonableness, the Use, and the proper Management of Conversation, I need not here declare, that I highly approve of these Evening Fellowships once or twice in the Week, amongst Friends and Neighbours; provided they meet to converse, and not to cabal.

As to the Question referr'd to me by the *Amicable Club*, taking it for granted that *neat Port* is the Liquor, I give my casting Voice against the *full Bottle*. It may reasonably be suppos'd, that in a Company of twelve Men, some may not desire to exceed a Pint; and, consequently, by collecting twelve Shillings, there will be a moderate Overplus of Wine for the few whose Constitutions may require it.

Since

* *The Free-Thinkers*, N^o 124, 131.

LETTERS on various Subjects. 191

Since this Knot of Friends have judiciously settled their Meetings for the two Winter-Quarters, I beg Leave to recommend to them a small Collection every Club Night for a Bushel of Coals; and that it may be the Care of every Chairman, in his Turn, to send them into some poor Family in his Neighbourhood.



To



To the Author of the Journal.

EVERY Saturday Morning your Paper is read to us whilst we are sipping Tea; therefore as we are Admirers of your weekly Entertainments, we hope you will the more readily oblige us, and insert the following Complaint.

Last Week we walk'd in the cool of the Morning, to visit a Friend at *Hampstead*, thinking it more pleasant, as well as more healthful, to walk thither in this gay Season of the Year, than to be jolted in a Stage-Coach, and have a Chance to meet with disagreeable Company; but the odious Styles that we were forc'd to climb over, render'd our Walk very unpleasant. Several young Sparks that overtook us, slacken'd their Paces, to see us mount over a Stile like a barr'd Gate: it was good Diversion to them, you may be assur'd, to tell us what Colour our Stockings

LETTERS on various Subjects. 193

Stockings were, &c. not only the young Men, but a Man about fifty, had planted himself squat near a Stile, but we arm'd ourselves with Courage, and severely reprimanded him, upon which he sneak'd off. In short, Mr. *Journalist*, these Stiles about the Fields of this *Metropolis*, are fitter for a Country 'Squire to leap his Horse over, than for Females of Modesty to climb over. In our native Counties of *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*, the Stiles are made with an easy Ascent and Descent, and Staves so regularly plac'd, that we go over them with Pleasure. A very trifling Expence would make such Stiles to every Foot Path in the Fields about this City, by which Means, I am certain, more of our Sex would take the Diversion of the Air; for to be pent up in a Coach, does not afford so pleasing a Prospect, nor so agreeable a Scene, as walking does. If you can redress this Grievance, you will infinitely oblige great Numbers of our Sex, and in a particular Manner,

Your constant Readers,

Chloe and Dorinda.

R

To



To the Author of the Journal.

S I R,

THE Lady which is the Object of my Affections, I have heard frequently express her Approbation of very large Hats; being studious to please my lovely Fair, I went to my Haberdasher, and bespoke a Hat of the first Magnitude, and gave him strict Orders to give it an alamode Cock; but when I appear'd at the *Royal Exchange*, the Merchants stood surpriz'd at me, and told me, I look'd more like an Officer in the first Regiment of Guards, than a Tradesman; others told me, there was a strange and sud'en Metamorphosis in me, &c. therefore I resolv'd never to put on this Hat, but when I went to visit *Belinda*; but the Day after I had fix'd this Resolution, my Charmer accidentally saw me in the Hat I us'd to wear, which is considerably of a more diminutive
Size.

LETTERS on various Subjects. 195

Size. The very next Time I waited on her, I found an unexpected cold Reception. In short, I send you this publick Declaration, that I hence forward resolve to appear at all Times in my large Hat; for to please *Belinda* is my utmost Ambition, and I prize her Smiles and Favours, more than I regard the Puns and Remarks of my Acquaintance; and when my Friends peruse the Reason I have assign'd, I hope they will no longer be surpriz'd at,

Tours, &c.





To the Author of the
Weekly Journal.

S I R,

I Live not far from the *Drapery Row* in *Cornhill*, and this Day Sev'nnight shall pronounce those irrevocable Words, *For better for worse*: Therefore I give this publick Notice, to prevent all Drummers, of what Denomination soever, visiting me, that I entirely disapprove of all military Sounds on such Occasions, which seem to be the Harbingers of War; a soft Serenade I admit of; but as to Drummers, they may beat *Round about Cuckolds*, or what Round they please, I am determin'd not to give them a Doit.

I am,

Your very humble Servant.

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*A CHARACTER of the
Reverend Mr. BARROW, &c.
sent to the Author of the Post-
Boy, and inserted on the 15th
of March, 1721.*

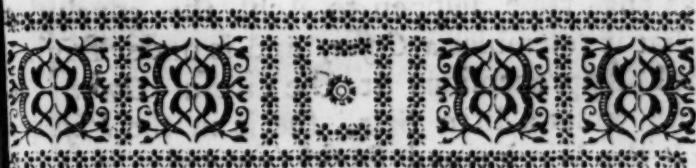
ON March 4, 1721, dy'd in a very
advanc'd Age, the Reverend and
Learned Mr. *Barrow*, Head-Master of
Manchester School; which Place he had
enjoy'd about 46 Years. He was a Gen-
tleman of exemplary Piety, and exten-
sive Charity; an indefatigable School-
master, and an excellent Grecian. About
two Months before, dy'd Mr. *Thompson*,
Second Master of the same School 26
Years,

198 **LETTERS** on various Subjects.

Years, an excellent Grammarian, a skilful Latinist, and well vers'd in Botany. The Reverend Dr. *Mather*, President of *Corpus Christi* College in *Oxon*, (which was a Scholar of the late Mr. *Barrow's*) is Patron of the School.

F I N I S.





TO THE
Author of the VISITER,

Mr. VISITER,

SINCE you have promised in your
Introductory Paper, that there is
not the smallest Vice but you will
endeavour to explode ; I shall there-
fore beg leave to exhibit the following just
Complaint to you.

I have been married five Years ; the first
four I enjoyed all the Solid Happiness that
blissful State is capable of affording, in the
most exquisite Manner ; but this last Year
my Wife is unaccountably bigotted to *Chime-
rical Amusements* : If the least bit of Coal flies
from the Fire, she looks upon it as some
S Prodigy ;

Prodigy ; and if our Son *Jemmy's* Head doth at that time happen to Ach, she concludes that it resembles a *Coffin*, and is under frightful Apprehensions at the direful *Omen*. If she spills a litte Salt, she is in the *Vapours* all the Week ; and seiz'd (upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life) with ridiculous Horrors and groundless Presages. But what adds still more to my Unhappiness, is, that at every little Accident she is consulting the *Fortune-tellers* and *Astrologers* ; last Week she lost her silver *Thimble*, upon which she took *Coach* and went to one of those prophetick Doctors in *More-fields* for Intelligence ; it cost her three Shillings in *Coach-hire*, and five Shillings the Doctor's Fee, he told her, that the Chamber-maid had taken the *Thimble*, but upon her return Home, she found it locked up in her Chest of Drawers, and the Key in her own Custody. But notwithstanding she finds the Accounts of these Pretenders, to the Art of Divination so Erroneous, she is frequently visiting them upon every little Occurrence that happens, and they continually filling her Head with strange Presages of Futurity. I have often, very often endeavoured to remove these Whimsical Chimera's, but she is deaf to my Admonitions ; I beg Mr. *Visiter* you would Interpose to my Assistance, and

help

help to banish these Fooleries from my fancy
My Wife, and you will for ever oblige

Your constant Tuesday Reader.

J. H.




S 2

The



The ANSWER.


THE Complaint which my Correspondent makes, is of late become a very general one, and tho' upon first View it may appear a Trifle, yet upon a near Observation, we shall find it a very formidable Evil. It certainly was never known to be so predominant as in the present Age; and the Reason is, that we laugh at it in others, and take no care to prevent it in our selves. We give it indeed the Name of a Distemper, and think that is all that belongs to it; whereas there is not any one the Physicians prescribe to, which puzzles them so much, or is so difficult to be conquered; they have found out a Word for that, which serves them in all Cases they do not understand, and whenever a Patient labours under a Distemper, which they can neither find out the Source of, nor the Cure for; they call it *Vapours*, and then think there is nothing more to be done: But the real

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Distemper which attends that Name, requires their utmost Skill; and I don't know any of them that hath been able to strike at the Foundation of it, but that great and learned Physician Doctor *Hale*, and who, in my Opinion, ought to be esteem'd the *Æsculapius* of our Age. Perhaps my Correspondent may think I am making a Digression from his Purpose, and that the Whims he Complains of in his Wife, are owing to the weakness of her Brain, not that of her Constitution; but I believe if he enquires into it, he will find the latter to be the occasion of it, or his Complaint would have commenced from the first of his Acquaintance with her; whereas he only dates it from the last Year of their Marriage. The Women are more prone to this Distemper; than the Men, which there are many Reasons for; but One very obvious one is, the Sedentary Lives they lead: they eat high, and scarce use any Exercise, at least not enough to digest their Food, and give a due Circulation to their Blood; and it seems prodigious to me, that any of our fine Ladies are ever free from some raging Distemper or other.

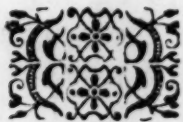
Might I be thought worthy to prescribe, I wou'd advise the Ladies to oblige themselves

to walk an Hour every Morning, and another in the Afternoon of every Day; drink no Tea in the Morning, or at least not above a couple of Dishes; and seldom fail four or five Glasses of Wine at Dinner and Supper. Were this Method taken, the Gentlemen would in a little time find a vast Alteration in the Behaviour of their Wives, their Family would be managed with far less Noise and Bustle, and the Hours they spend at Home, would pass away with Mirth and Chearfulness. Instead of that, as the Case now stands, when a Man comes Home, perhaps fatigued with Business, designing to spend an unbended Hour, he is receiv'd with a Yawn and, my Dear, I do not know what's the matter with me, but I am so out of order, and my Spirits are so low; and then the Children make such a noise, and the Servants are so plaguing, it's enough to make one distracted; then *John* don't lay the Table-cloath right, and the Cook roasts the Chicken too brown, and the Husband don't talk and divert her, and fifty more Faults that she does not know herself why she finds; till at last, her Husband tired with her Impertinence, insensibly grows as peevish as she; and the Evening ends with a Quarrel, and a Resolution, on his side, to go to the Tavern the next Night

since

since he can be no better entertain'd at Home. This I must say, that it's not to the Woman alone these Whims are confin'd, the Men have there *Spleen* as well as the Women their *Vapours*, and very often grow as unreasonable with it; and on both sides it's very frequently charged upon their Tempers, when their Constitutions are in fault; Had I a Wife, and should come Home, and find her in one of those Humours, I wou'd certainly immediately order a Cup of *Hysterick Water* for the present, and the *Spaw* to be got for her against the next Morning, and when I had taken every Method to mend her Constitution, if that should not do, I should conclude the Fault lay in her Temper, and behave to her accordingly. The same thing I would do by myself, if I found I was troubled with I did not know what ail'd me, and after I had apply'd to a Physician I had an Opinion of, and he could not cure me, I should determine the Fault lay in my own Humour, and endeavour to be my own Doctor. I don't dispute but there are a great many perverse Gentlewomen, who, whenever they have a mind to vent an ill Temper, will be glad to quote me for an Authority, that they can't help it; but this Rule I lay down, that where the Constitution is in fault, an
able

able Physician will be a vast help to them; and, on the contrary, if it's owing to a Malignancy of 'Temper, every Step that is taken towards a cure, will make them still worse; that is, every Condescension the Husband shows them, will make them take more upon them. The well known Story of the 'Taylor's Wife, that called her Husband Prick-louse with her Fingers, when she had not the liberty of her Tongue, is a Proof that even the Cold Bath won't lay the *Vapours* of the Spirit, tho' it's an admirable Receipt for those of the Constitution, from a Wife that is troubled with real *Vapours*, as I said before, Dr. *Hale* may most certainly deliver us; but from one that is possessed with imaginary ones, the *Lord* only can; and in his infinite Mercy, may he soon release those unhappy Wretches, who can meet with no Relief on this side the Grave, but by their Wives being on the other.



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To Sir Richard Steele, on
his Comedy, call'd, *The*
Conscious Lovers.

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Steel! thy wondrous Scenes are finely wrought,
 Enrich'd with noble Morals, and just Thought.
 When *Bevil* speaks, or *Myrtle* but appears,
 They both attract the Eyes, and charm the Ears,
 At *Sealand's* Feet to see his Daughter lie,
 Each tender Heart o're-flows with Tears of Joy:
 And with what pleasing Elegance of Dress,
 The lowest Scenes of Life dost thou express.
 Judicious Thoughts in ev'ry Act Abound,
 Instructive, easy, nervous, and profound.
 Go on great Poet, to refine the Age,
 Enrich our Language, and improve the Stage;
 Thy *Conscious Lovers* will record thy Name.
 And coming Ages will applaud thy Fame.



To a successful Rival.

THRICE happy *Damon* ! to thy longing Arms,
 Has *Mira* now resign'd her Virgin Charms !
 O may she still improve thy rapturous Joy !
 For never can her chaste Endearments cloy.

Thrice happy Lover ! Prize thy beauteous Store,
 Nor Heaven can grant, nor Mortal covet more ;
 And when that Face, (where blooming Innocence ;
 Unfully'd shines) less Lustre shall dispense.
 May Time for ev'ry Charm he weakens there,
 With some new Virtue recompence the Fair :
 That so thy riper Passion still may find,
 Fresh Beauties in her undecaying Mind.
 So shall enamour'd *Mira* find in Thee,
 That Love, that Faith, she might have found in Me.

Thy

Thy Rival once, thy Rival now no more,
Unenvied bids thee, all her Sweets explore,
And curst by thy prevailing Destiny,
Still showers down Blessings on thy Bride and Thee;
Compell'd by Fate, the Charmer I resign,
Nor will I at thy happier Lot repine;
The Love of *Mira* has my Soul refin'd,
And from ungenerous Passions purg'd my Mind.

Had Heaven bestow'd the glorious Prize on Me,
And you like *Thyrsis* lov'd, if that can be;
Imparadis'd within the fair One's Arms,
Blest in her Smiles, and Lord of all her Charms.
Even then reflecting on the Joys you lost,
A generous Sympathy some Sighs had cost;
By my own Joys, I should have guess'd your Pain,
And always wish'd you had not lov'd in vain.
To Fate alone have giv'n the dear Success,
Nor thought my Merit greater, nor yours less.

O! if a Wretch, dead frozen by disdain,
Can e'er by Sunny Love be warm'd again;
Then quickly Heav'n, bright *Mira*'s Loss repair,
By some kind Nymph, Compassionate as fair,
May *Mira*'s milder Glances arm her Eye,
Her Cheeks may *Mira*'s modest Crimson die;
Her Smiles may *Mira*'s winning sweetness Grace,
And *Mira*'s Lillies blossom in her Face;
The same her Features, be her Mind the same;
And *Mira*'s Virtues add to *Mira*'s Fame.

Thy

Then

Then to compleat the Workmanship divine,
 Give her a Heart as true and fond as mine:
 With mutual Flames our faithful Bosoms warm,
 Let her like *Thyrsis* Love, like *Mira* Charm.
 I ask no more ; in Love compleatly blest,
 Let Avarice and Ambition take the Rest.



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*An EPILOGUE spoken by
a Comedian the last
Preston Guild in Lan-
cashire.*

I T's hard to please in this censorious Age,
Which damns not only Writers, but the Stage;
But yet our Author dares to speak his Mind,
He fears no Criticks if the Nymphs are kind.

Their Smiles and Approbation being shown;
Will influence the Favour of the Town.
When thus the Fair in beauteous Rows do sit,
To grace the Boxes, and adorn the Pit;
Your bright, your lovely Charms, our Actions fire,
To paint those Passions your bright Eyes inspire.

Hither unnumber'd Beaus from all Parts flock,
As once to *France* for *Mississippi* Stock;
But with this great, this happy Difference here,
You find no Bubbles but a wellcome Chear!

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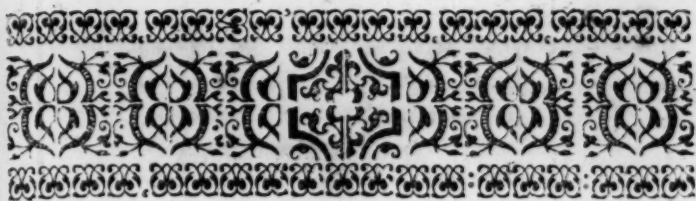
No plundering late *South Sea* Dir——s,
 Nor any base Chimerical Projectors:
 But Nymphs with sparkling Eyes, and graceful Mien
 In blooming Years, at *Preston-Guild* are seen.
 Such lovely Fair, as would an Hermit move,
 And the Lethargick would inspire to Love.

Ye Batchellors, that lead unsettled Lives,
 In this, fair * County, make your choice of Wives.
 Not only Fair, but Virtuous you'll find,
 Not prone to Vice, nor Vanity inclin'd;
 But much averse, to wanton Serenades,
 To Midnight Balls, and *London Masquerades*.


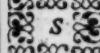
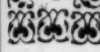
May this gay Season add to your Delight,
 Pleasures each Day, and Happiness each Night:
 Let no contentious Broils your Thoughts divide,
 Debates of *Whig* and *Tory* lay aside;
 Be chearful, merry, innocently gay,
 This joyful Time, this *Preston Jubilee*.

* *Lancashire remarkable for beautiful Women.*

Spoke



*Spoken to a young Lady,
on giving me the Picture
of a Celebrated Beauty.*

TREPTHON resolves this lovely Face,
 In his Apartment he will place;
 Where only reigning Objects shine,
With Forms Angelick and Divine.

Where Virgin Beauties of this Isle,
In *Mezzotinto* round the smile;
Such pleasing Scenes my Breast inspires,
With raptur'd Joys, and am'rous Fires.



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